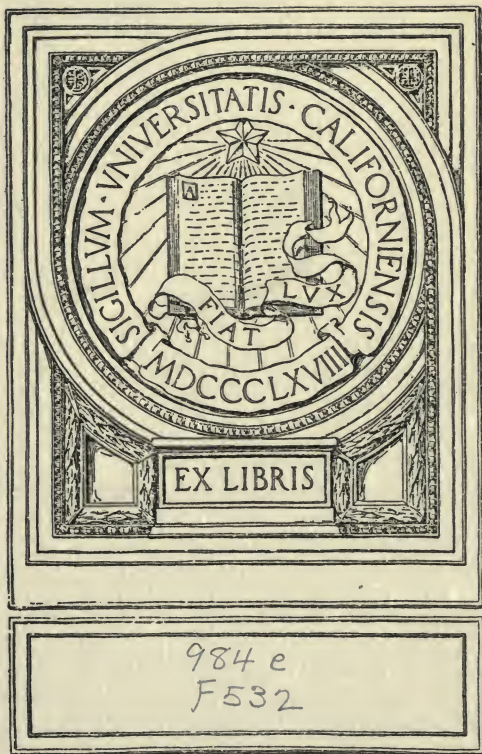




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ALL IN THE SAME BOAT.



WILLIAM H. FISHBURN

(Price Ten Cents)



All in The Same Boat



W. H. Fishburn

By

REV. WILLIAM H. FISHBURN, D.D.

—x—

A Sermon Delivered in West Adams Presbyterian
Church, Los Angeles, California,
June 9, 1918

TO THE
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All In The Same Boat.

Acts 27:30-31. The sailors were about to flee out of the ship, when Paul said . . . Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved.

I like this Captain Julius in our Scripture lesson. I can hear his voice ringing above the tumult of the Mediterranean storm:—"Back to the decks! Back to the decks, every man of you! You ensign, there,—you with the sword,—cut that rope! Cast that life-boat loose! Let no man leave this ship!"

It happened in the dark, you know. The sailors mutinied. They stole the life boat. They were in the act of lowering it into the sea when they were apprehended. They were going to be saved no matter who else perished. Every man for himself! What cared they for the soldiers and the prisoners on board, so long as they saved their own skins?

And then Captain Julius intervened:—"Set that life-boat adrift! Back to your posts, every sneaking, shirking, skulking man of you! If this ship ride the storm, all of us shall be saved together! If she go to the bottom, all of us shall take the death-plunge together! We are all in the same boat, and in the same boat all shall remain!"

If you care to do it you may turn this fine sea story into a parable. The storm is the Great War. So far as we, personally, are concerned, the ship that is carrying us through the storm is the United States.

None of us may desert the ship. We are all weathering the same storm; we are all bound for the same destination. If the good ship win

through, it will be well with us all; if the good ship go down, woe to us all! We are all in the same boat.

If we stand, we all stand together; if we fall, we all fall together. We are all in the same boat. We are all doing the same thing just now,—that is, all loyal people are doing the same thing. Are you buying Liberty Bonds? So is everybody else.

Are you collecting Thrift Stamps? Purchasing War-saving Stamps? So is everybody else that has money. Are you giving your boys to the nation? So is every home that has a boy that measures up to the standards. Are you denying yourself of the foods you like? Are you opening your hand wide to the appeals of the Red Cross, of the Y. M. C. A., of the Y. W. C. A., of the K. of C.? Are you knitting? Are you sewing? Are you rolling bandages? Are you making sacrifices? Are you doing your bit? So is everybody else. We are all in the same boat.

United we stand, divided we fall. Never before did the whole nation do team-work as it is doing team-work today. Nobody is exempt. Nobody can get away from the boat. The humblest is needed as well as the loftiest. Everybody who does his best is of importance.

Nobody can tell just now who is of most importance. Each of us has his place. No one can claim to be of more worth than his neighbor. We are all of worth. Mr. Andrew Carnegie asked in one of his essays: "Which is the most important leg on a three-legged stool?" In the affairs of the nation just now every person is important. You are important, and you, and you. We are all in the same boat.

In your own domestic life, which member of the family is of most importance? In a

great many homes the father feels himself to be vastly the most important.

When father comes home in the evening, let the wife be restrained and quiet. Let the children go on tip-toes. Father has earned the bread on the table in the sweat of his face. Bring father his slippers. Don't stir father up. "I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my lips let no dog bark." Make it comfortable for father; no difference about mother and the children.

The self-important man is unaware that the mother who makes his house a home, that the little girl with her dolls, that the small boy in knickerbockers, that the wee baby asleep in the crib, each is, in the eyes of our Lord, of just as much importance as he is. They are all in the same boat.

There are many persons in this beloved country who seem to be quite oblivious to the fact that our Ship of State is battling its way through a great storm. They have not awakened to the knowledge that this nation is at war, that it is a partner, with a score of other nations, in the prosecution of the most stupendous war that ever shook this planet since the beginning of human time.

But God in His compassion is awakening these people who are asleep, is awakening all of us, to the fact that we are at war. One week ago the War set its Red Foot on our doorstep, and put out its Finger and rang our doorbell!

The raid on American shipping along our Eastern coast has startled us out of our slumber. The Enemy is at our gates!

And some of our citizens, for the first time, are becoming aware that this war against Germany does not concern only Canada, and France and England and Belgium and Italy

and other European nations, but that it concerns us, us of America, and that our destinies are bound up with the destinies of Canada and of the allied nations of Europe, and that, whether we call them our allies or not, we are all in the same boat.

Not yet have we heard in America the "bombs bursting in air" over New York City and Philadelphia and Chicago and Los Angeles and San Francisco and the other populous centers, as they are hearing them in Europe, and we pray our heavenly Father morning, noon and night that we may never hear them. Not yet have the majority of our American homes been darkened by the great sorrow of remembering one son or two sons or three sons who have gone down into the Valley of the Great Shadow, and we pray our Heavenly Father morning, noon and night that that sorrow may not fall upon our homes as it has fallen upon the homes of Canada and of Europe.

We are at war against an alliance of fiends, an alliance of Darkness; an alliance that counts not the lives of its own men dear; an alliance that would, if it could, turn this whole earth into a huge slaughter house in order to make itself the world master,—in order to bestow upon the Emperor of Germany the title "King of Kings and Lord of Lords!"

We are in the midst of the great storm, sirs, we are in the midst of the great storm, and we are all in the same boat. But there are persons who would seize the life-boat (if there were any life-boat), and would flee to some safe haven (if there were any safe haven), and would leave the rest of us to battle with the storm alone.

I suppose there is not a really loyal American who has ever had any dubiety about how

the war is going to end, or who has any doubt about it now. We know as if it were a thing already accomplished, that we Americans with our partners are going to win the war. Never allow any ambiguity about that to have a place in your heart or to come to expression on your lip.

But there are some very equivocal Americans living in America who are prolonging the war by self-pity, by cry-baby philosophy, by half-heartedness, by giving way to war-weariness, by fear, by out-and-out cowardice.

There is a certain percentage of humankind that are more ready to run than they are to stand their ground and fight.

You may have heard of the young lady who showed to her visitors a relic of the Civil War, her grandfather's drum, and she said, "He carried it all through the war, and every time he saw the enemy approaching he would beat it."

There are many who try to escape from the storms of life; who refuse to bear the responsibilities of life; who even leap overboard from the ship of life and drown themselves in the depths of the sea.

There are those who flee from temptations. They hide themselves from life's temptations. They go away from men and women—they escape from the conflict with evil—at least they attempt to escape from it—by running away. They do not resist the devil and make him flee. They do the fleeing themselves.

There are some who murmur against God when He sends to them their due allotment of pain and sorrow. They try to find a way of escape from the common ills of life.

O, sir, who are you, who am I, to demand immunity from the storms, to demand freedom from all trial, all pain, all care, all burden,

when the whole creation has been groaning and travailing with pain until this moment?

There are men—I call them men only because they are adult male human beings—who, when the cares of home-life become many, when there is sickness, hardship, debt,—for-sake the ship, run away, hide themselves, leave wife and children to struggle, unhelped, against the storm.

Paul says in our lesson, "Except these abide in the ship, the rest of you cannot be saved." And when anyone deserts, runs away, leaves his post, it increases the burden and the peril of those who are left behind.

One of the bitterest episodes in this war is the abandoning of the ship, when the storm was at its height, by one whole nation, the biggest, territorially, of all the nations. Russia has a mark across her forehead that time will never be able to erase. Russia got out of the ship. She stole the life-boat. She deserted her Allies. She sneaked away. And we are going to pay in good, red, American blood for this default of Russia.

Our President says he is going to stand by Russia and help Russia. So am I, but, in the heart of my heart, I don't want to do it. I am going to do it only because I am going to stand by the President.

I confidently believe that, had Russia remained faithful to her Allies, had she stood by the ship, by this time the violence of the storm would have exhausted itself, and the ship would be sailing just now over a less turbulent sea.

The United States has entered into this war at last with all her heart and all her soul and all her mind and all her strength; and she is going to "see it through"; she is going to be in it at the finish.

You saw on some of the banners in the parade a week ago the phrase, "Can the Kaiser." Every American who is trained in the higher meanings of the English language understands that phrase, "Can the Kaiser."

But, when our boys marched through the streets of London shouting it as a watchword, it needed some explication. A Londoner asked his favorite newspaper what it might mean. And the newspaper made it quite clear to him, like this: "To 'can' in the American sense may mean to incarcerate the Kaiser in a place of forcible detention like a prison or a penitentiary; or it may be used in the sense of hermetically sealing up the Kaiser in an airtight receptaculum such as a tin can, in order to preclude the possibility of his subsequent fermentative and malevolent activities."

That ought to have made it transparently clear to the inquiring Londoner.

Just as surely as the days go on the Kaiser and his associates in military despotism are going to "get what's coming to them." President Wilson made this plain in his Baltimore speech, splendidly, gloriously plain. He said words that have marvelous power. You can imagine you see the stiffening of the President's jaw muscles as he speaks.

"Germany has once more said that force and force alone shall decide whether justice and peace shall reign in the affairs of men, whether right as America conceives it, or dominion as she conceives it shall determine the destinies of mankind. There is, therefore, but one response possible from us: Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust."

Those are words with the bark on. They are the words of a man of prayer, of a man who has accepted Jesus Christ as his Pattern and Guide, and who has vowed to follow Jesus Christ as Master and Lord. And the President's lines have gone forth into all the earth, and his words unto the ends of the world.

Many strange things have happened during the great storm through which we are passing, but none more strange than the statement coming from 107 members of the Society of Friends. The Quakers have always stood as a unit against force, against fighting, against war. The main body of the Society still stands against all war. But these men,—men like Lippincott, Clothier, Sharpless, Janney, Newcomer, Tyson, Swain, Lamb, Stabler, Haines,—names that stand for the best of the best—these men have written and signed the document that bears the words:

“Believing that it is not enough at this time to be neutral and that the views of the Society of Friends have not been adequately represented by the official statements of its executives nor by the utterances of many of its public speakers, we feel a desire to follow the course of our brethren in England, who both now and in their past history have realized that there are unusual and extraordinary circumstances of infrequent occurrence which cannot be rigidly or fully met by any man-made Church Discipline. We therefore deem it consistent with our Quaker faith to act according to the dictates of our own conscience, and to proclaim a unity with the teachings of Jesus Christ and the messages of the President of our country.”

If you knew the Quakers as I know them from long residence amongst them,—if you

know how conservative they are, you would say, after reading this statement, what I have said a great many times since reading it: "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; His truth is marching on."

America is united like the clenched fist to strike at the devilism of Germany—and Germany is going to receive the staggering blows until she reels and faints under them.

Last Wednesday, Secretary of State Lansing said, in New York, when speaking of the "perpetuation of Prussianism:" "Prussia having wickedly sought war, it is the determination of the American people that Prussia shall have war and more war and more war, until the very thought of war is abhorrent to the German mind."

We are not going to abandon the ship, sirs. We are going to remain on the ship with the Allied Nations until we bring the ship safe to land.

These sailors in our lesson who seized the life-boat and were about to steal away under cover of the darkness were traitors; they were mutineers; they were cowards; they were slackers. They didn't care who else went down into the stormy sea so long as they didn't go down. And we have the traitor and the mutineer and the coward and the slacker on board the Ship of State today sailing along with us, pretending to be just as loyal as we are, and all the time covertly planning to scuttle the ship,—some of them willing to go to the bottom themselves if only they could send America and everything American to the bottom.

We are giving blood and giving treasure to destroy the Prussian who is seven thousand miles away; we are sending our sons to an-

other hemisphere to shoot the Hun in his homeland,—but there are Prussian spies here, right here in the United States touching elbows with us, and we know they are here and we catch them red-handed, and we try them and prove that they are traitors, that they are here to destroy our country and its institutions,—and then, after finding them guilty, we board them and lodge them and clothe them and entertain them and amuse them at great expense, for the duration of the war.

Wasn't there a song that went current one time about hanging somebody on a sour-apple tree? And may not some modern hymnologist rise up and give us a modern hymn about the availability and the efficiency of six yards of rope and a sour-apple-tree, and thus render some of the haters of our beloved country less boisterous and less demonstrative?

A number of years ago we used to read books about China and we called it the "yellow peril." America is not so much worried about the yellow peril just now as she is about the yellow streak. Your slacker spells a certain word p-a-c-i-f-i-s-t, and pronounces it "pacifist." I spell it in the same way and pronounce it "yellow."

There never was a brave man in all time who was a pacifist in the present-day meaning of the newly-coined word.

The pacifist is not restrained from fighting because he is so religious, but because he is so yellow. He has a yellow streak down his back vivid enough to emit light.

The pacifist is not merciful; he is white-livered. He is not tender-hearted; he is chicken-hearted.

If the devil got a stone in his cloven hoof,

the pacifist would meekly and benignantly extract the stone, put a bread-and-milk poultice on his hoof, lay him in a nice white hospital cot, and gently nurse him back to health so that he might be turned loose once more to prey upon human society.

The pacifist is not helping to sail the ship; he is hindering; and his punishment after the storm is over will be to receive the contempt and the reprobation of all right-thinking men.

These shipmen in the lesson were disloyal. We do not know what penalty was inflicted on them for disloyalty. Maybe Captain Julius put them in irons. Maybe they were executed for disloyalty when they reached home. We do not know.

But we do know that we have disloyal people traveling with us on the ship. Also we know that we cannot execute them all or even incarcerate them all. But we can do this, we who are loyal can be extra-special-loyal. We can be one hundred per cent simon-pure American,—and we can ostracize that which we know is not one hundred per cent American.

For example, there is the newspaper. The newspaper that is not one hundred per cent loyal in these days of testing is disloyal. The newspaper that is not patriotic from its first page Title to the last line of its last page is disloyal. The newspaper that carries secret hints of pro-German sympathy in its cleverly camouflaged editorials is disloyal. And whether that paper represents power and influence or not, really loyal Americans will decline to be numbered amongst its supporters.

Then there is the slacker. The slacker who is able to work and will not work either because he is so rich he need not work or so lazy

he hates work, is disloyal; and it is pleasant to know that the man who can work and will not work is going to be made to work.

Then there is the profiteer. The profiteer who is filling his pockets with money by taking advantage of the adversities of his fellow-men,—who is growing rich so fast that those who are working in his employ demand that they, too, shall be speedily enriched,—is disloyal, and our Government is finding him out and is preparing for him a form of retribution that will exactly fit his crime.

And there is the man who works for this profiteer, whether union laboring man or non-union laboring man, who strikes, who resorts to violence, because this Government is for the nonce in a tight place. He is disloyal.

It is a good thing that there are labor unions to protect the toiler from the rapacity of the rich,—but this is no time to discuss the rights and wrongs of unions or non-unions. There is only one Union just now that all loyal people care for and are thinking about by day and by night:—

“What God in His infinite wisdom designed,
And armed with the weapons of thunder,
Not all of the despots and factions combined
Have the power to conquer or sunder!

The Union of Lakes, the Union of lands,
The Union of States none can sever;
The Union of Hearts and the Union of hands,
And the Flag of the Union forever!”

There is in this New Testament another sea-story in which the living Jesus is present with the men on board when a great storm breaks. And Jesus is weary, and lies asleep with His head on the pillow. And the storm grows to a tempest, and the men are filled with terror, and they awaken the Master with the cry,

"Carest thou not that we perish?" And He arises and rebukes the wind and the sea, and there is a great calm.

And so, in this storm of war that is blowing around us, we are sometimes afraid. We need not be afraid. The Master is on board the ship that carries us, and He will bring the ship into the desired haven. Civilization is not going to be wrecked. Tyranny is not going to be the victor.

Jesus Christ is winning His way in this war. Jesus Christ is conquering the hosts of wrong. He is getting His will done in ways that are past your finding out and mine.

We are living in the day of the doom of Kings. The doom of Kings and Kaisers and Emperors and princes and dukes and earls is written in a writing that cannot be invalidated or destroyed; the universal brotherhood of man is coming; we have the sure promise of it. The handwriting that signs it is the handwriting of Him who bled on the Cross, and the Red Seal that attests the writing shows the print of a pair of Wounded Hands. Surely you give thanks to Jesus Christ for that promise and its approaching fulfilment, and so do I.

Today a man is a man. The uniforms have expunged the ancient marks of social distinction. The blacksmith's son sleeps in the same tent with the banker's son, and fights in the same trench and eats from the same dish and drinks from the same canteen; the reign of the common people is coming; and you give thanks to your Lord for that, and so do I.

Today the sexes are being equalized by the giving of the vote to the woman. The day is in sight in this America when the woman will have the full franchise in every state; and you can count on the fingers of one hand the number of the years that wait when she will have

the full franchise in every civilized land on the globe; and you thank your Lord for that, and so do I.

Today some differentiating titles are growing dim and fading. We are discovering that there is a larger, finer word than Republican or Democrat or Prohibitionist or Socialist, and that is the word American. All real Americans are in the same boat; every true American is American to the last drop of blood in him; and you rejoice religiously over that, and so do I.

Today, as if it were a miracle let down to earth out of God's white heaven, the prohibiting of the manufacture of and the commerce in all intoxicating liquors is speedily coming.

There is going to be, ere long, a bone-dry United States and a bone-dry Canada and a bone-dry British Empire,—a bone-dry France, Italy, Russia, Austria, Germany,—a bone-dry world.

King Alcohol, with his wrists bound, is seated in the tumbrel-cart, and is riding towards that executioner who knows no pity and will listen to no protest. And you are giving thanks to Almighty God for that, and so am I.

Jesus Christ is Himself aboard the ship that carries His people, and the ship is not adrift, and it is not going down. He is piloting it.

Today the whole earth is awaiting the coming of His Gospel of Peace. As soon as the war-gates close the gospel-gates are going to open; the missionary will be welcomed by men and women of every kindred and every tongue; this holy Book will go into every land and every kingdom,—offering to every people the right to the Tree of Life whose leaves have been divinely appointed for the healing of the nations.



2101 Bonaville Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Faces.

Peace-

With very best wishes, I am

Cordially yours,

W. Fishburn

1875

Jan 21st

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Washed

“APPETITE”



WILLIAM H. FISHBURN



“APPETITE”



A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "W. H. Fishburn". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the decorative flourish.

By
Rev. William H. Fishburn, D. D.

A Sermon Delivered in West Adams Presbyterian
Church, Los Angeles, California
January 26, 1913



“ APPETITE ”



Prov. 16:26. “The appetite of him that laboreth laboreth for him; for his hunger driveth him on.”

The Greatest man in the world at this moment is the Hungriest man. The greatest man that ever was in the world was the man with the sharpest Hunger. His Hunger was a Hunger that wasted Him and at last killed Him.

The measure of any man's greatness is the measure of his Hunger. Do you question that? You will not question it if you study it deeply. It is true. The Hungry man has always and everywhere been the great man. No man ever yet became truly great until he was devoured by Hunger.

One of the philosophers used to say, “Man is a bundle of habits;” I amend that definition and make it read, Man is a bundle of Appetites.

A thing which nobody has ever seen but which everybody has felt is Appetite, the driving force that God has placed behind every

living creature. "Nobody has ever seen Appetite, but everybody has felt it."

I have ventured to re-translate this text. In the Authorized version the meaning is cloudy: "He that laboreth laboreth for himself; for his mouth craveth it of him." In the Revised version it is made to read, "The Appetite of the laboring man laboreth for him; for his mouth urgeth him thereto." The version as we are reading it here is, "The appetite of him that laboreth laboreth for him; for his Hunger driveth him on."

The inspired man who writes the text perceives that some men are driven forward as far as they can go in this world by the appetite of the Mouth; but he perceives also that some men, the highest men, are driven upward and upward by the appetite of the Heart, by the appetite of the Soul, by the appetite of the Brain.

There is such a thing as mouth hunger; but there is also such such a thing as heart-hunger, soul-hunger, brain-hunger. The lower animals have none of the higher appetites. They remain lower animals forever because their appetites do not grow. The lower animals to-day eat the same foods, and drink the same drinks, and live in the same dens and jungles and caves, that they ate and drank and lived in tens of thousands of years ago. God has

given to them none of the higher appetites of Heart and Soul and Brain.

But to the most backward races of mankind He has given some foreshadowing of these higher appetites, and when man is shown the better things, as, for example, this Book with its revelations of Jesus Christ, and of the larger possibilities of man, instantly there springs up within him the desire to become better—a new Appetite grows in him—he gets heart-hunger, soul-hunger, mind-hunger, and, like all of his kind everywhere on the globe, "his hunger driveth him on," until he steps into the procession, as Japan has so recently done, and marches along with the marching host towards a nobler civilization.

Appetite is the world-transformer! Appetite is the impelling force behind all of us, and it drives us on!

You will answer me, "Yes; appetite drives some men upward and forward; it drives some men to eminence; it drives some men to mastery and usefulness. But does not it drive some men downward? Does not it drive downward a great multitude that no man can number—the glutton to beastliness, the drunkard to sottishness, the gamester to crime and insanity, the sensualist to shame and death?"

Your point is well taken; but, sirs, does not there reside back of every force that drives

the wheels of the world a terrible potency for evil as well as for good? May not the same wind that purifies the air, and that turns your mill-sails, and that drives your commerce across the seas, become a scourge? It may bring pestilence on its wings; it may uproot forests; it may obliterate villages and devastate cities when it goes roaring past in the tornado and the cyclone?

May not the power of Fire which drives engines and prints books and newspapers, and makes comfortable your dwellings, sometimes gather itself together and smite the earth as with a curse in the form of a great conflagration?

May not the same energy that gives us Electric power and electric light and heat, and that brings us within whispering distance of our friends—may not that same energy wither and blast and destroy when flung flaming out of the red fist of the lightning?

And just so Appetite, which a wise and good Father meant to be a boon and a blessing, when unrestrained, when pursued on its lowest levels, may become a bane and an offence.

Mr. Darwin long ago gave it out as his conviction that the beautiful coloring of butterflies and animals came from "selective taste," that is, appetite. He did not know that he

was weakening his hypothesis when he made that statement. Mr. Andrew Balfour came afterwards and asked, "If these gorgeous colorings come from appetite, where does appetite come from?" Mr. Darwin was unconsciously admitting that back of evolution stands appetite, and back of appetite stands God the Creator!

You cannot explain where beautifulness comes from in any other way than by seeing God the Father standing behind His world. You have not explained the mystery when you say, "at the core of the scheme lies appetite," you must tell us where appetite comes from.

Man is what he is because, in some way, God touches him and forms him. Two boys may be born of the same parents, reared under the same influences, and one of them may develop into a mere vulgar clown and the other into a genius.

I remember to have read that when Chief Justice Chase stood in Hanover County, Virginia, at the birthplace of Patrick Henry, he admired the scenery. He said, "What an atmosphere! What a view! No wonder that such a location produced a Patrick Henry!" A farmer who stood there said, "I reckon you're right, Mr. Chase, but this atmosphere and these blue hills have always been here,

but they haven't produced any more Patrick Henry's."

We receive our appetites from God, sirs, and we use them as we will. We put our individuality into them.

There are few of us in this privileged community who have ever been hungry, really hungry. There are medical treatises that tell us how insistent are the clamors of actual hunger, hunger that becomes painful and deadly.

Few in our bountiful country have ever felt Hunger. When one is veritably hungry he does not notice that the napery is as white as snow, that the goblets are of cut glass, that the silver bears a monogram, and that the china is hand painted.

Do you remember Ben Gunn in Stevenson's *Treasure Island*? He had been marooned, left alone on the island, for three years; and he says to Jim who comes to rescue him, "Mate, my heart is sore for Christian diet. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you now. No? Well, many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese, toasted mostly—and woke up again, and here I were."

The mere craving for food, especially in a child, is almost insatiable. I read a letter to Santa Claus in one of your newspapers last week, and all one small boy asked for was "two toy stores and a candy-shop."

Now it is precisely thus with heart-hunger, soul-hunger, mind-hunger. It never can be satisfied in this world. It is written in this Book, "God hath set the whole world in our heart."

There are men, hundreds of them, who would if they could, take up the whole world in their arms and hold it as their very own. They want the earth, want it in the noblest sense. They hunger for power; for heaps of money; for shiploads of treasure; for honorable position; for the applause of the people; for success such as no mortal has ever had before; for fame that shall send their names ringing down the world until the crack of doom.

These longings are not to be regarded as wicked. They are not wicked. They are good. It is upon this insatiable Appetite for place and power that the world is hinged. Man cannot help wishing to excel, to be great. God made him that way. God hath set the whole world in his heart.

It is the Appetite to do better than any man ever did before that turns every wheel that is revolving. "The appetite of him that laboreth laboreth for him, for his Hunger driveth him on."

It is a waste of time to protest against this striving and power-hunger of mankind. It will not stop because you reprehend it. You

might as well make faces at the full moon as make faces at the rivalry and roar and slam of commerce in these days of yours.

God meant it to be this way, and it is going to go on in this way until something comes out of it all more lovely than you ever dreamed in your wildest visions. Man's soul-hunger and heart-hunger and brain-hunger drive him on.

The greatest man is the hungriest man. What is that hunger to send the Bible yonder and yonder to the farthest outposts of the world? What is that hunger to find every last man and woman and child in every hidden corner of every remotest land, and tell them the blessed Gospel story? It is Missionary hunger.

There are some who do not approve of Missions. Their disapproval does not halt the Missionary zeal. It goes on. God means that it shall go on until every soul shall know the Old, Old Story.

God hath set the whole world in the heart of these Missionary men and women. They are not fanatics any more than you cool-headed business men are fanatics. They are only men and women with heart-hunger, soul-hunger, and their hunger is driving them on.

We owe it to the Driving Power of Appetite that the world is as it is at this moment—

not a perfect world by any means—but a world that is surely, if slowly, going on unto perfection.

Hunger-Driven men, you can see them all the way back into farthest antiquity. Appetite, the driving-power of Appetite has made some men monsters, but it has made most men Men.

You can see in remote times Abraham driven by Faith-hunger; Moses driven by Liberty-hunger; Daniel by Prayer-hunger; Paul by Missionary-hunger; John the Divine by Heaven-hunger. The great men in your Bible were all driven by some form of Hunger.

Outside your Bible stands Caesar driven by Power-hunger; Columbus by Discovery-hunger; Napoleon by Conquest-hunger; Beethoven by Music-hunger; Raphael by Color-hunger. "The appetite of him that laboreth laboreth for him; for his hunger driveth him on."

Recent times have given us Pasteur driven by Healing-hunger; Darwin by Investigation-hunger; Edison by Invention-hunger—you may extend the list until your tablets shall be filled with the names of the illustrious who were driven on by the compelling power of some form of Appetite.

Our blessed Lord Jesus Himself was dominated by Hunger. A Prophet wrote of Him

that He should be an anguished Man, and said, "He shall see of the anguish of His soul and shall be satisfied." His hunger was for the saving of the whole world. God had set the whole world in His heart, and His desire was to save the souls and the bodies of a thousand generations of men, down to the last rolling up of the scroll of time.

Why are men going on from conquest to conquest over nature and its powers today? Because of the God-implanted Hunger in heart and soul and brain. Hunger to Know is driving them on.

Patient men who are in the laboratories studying the origins of disease processes are there because they are Hungry to Know. Learned men have devised mechanisms to isolate the atom; to measure the speed of a light-wave; to roll distant stars into their balances; to break up remotest suns into their constituent elements; to explore the subtle ether and compel it to yield up its secret. Why have they done these things? Because they are driven by Hunger to Know, and their hunger for exact knowledge cannot be satisfied. There are men of science who would give their right hands to know the ultimate and final truth about some one material thing, a quest that has not yet been crowned with success.

No sooner is something settled by physical science than it becomes again unsettled. We used to imagine that if there was one thing we understood it was Gravitation. But now we are perfectly certain that if there is any one thing we do not understand it is Gravitation. They are questioning whether gravitation is a push or a pull; whether some torsion of the ether pushes this book towards my hand or whether some less complex torsion of the ether pulls it towards my hand. They will pursue the investigation. They cannot stop. There is no stopping-place in exact thinking. "The Appetite of him that laboreth laboreth for him; for his hunger driveth him on."

You have seen what one of our essayists calls the "flying men in the aeroplane which sings through the skies like a silver arrow, the bleak white steel of it gleaming in the bleak blue emptiness of upper space." Why are they there, these flying men? They are driven there by Hunger for Conquest, just as bold men go, in defiance of deadly cold to the North pole and the South pole.

There is a commandment to man—it is the first commandment in your Bible—"Replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion." God is compelling men to go on. He implants in them the soul-hunger that drives them on.

No sane minister would preach to his people the gospel of discontent, that is bitterness of spirit against things as they are. But I do preach to you, my people, the gospel of Un-content—of willingness to bear with things as they are, to be patient—but to bear with them not one moment longer than you must; to be constantly following the hastening footsteps of the ongoing Jesus, and to be pressing toward the mark for the prize.

The desire that this world shall become better than it is is not satanic but Godlike. To be Un-satisfied with things as they are, in the hope of making them better is not wicked; it is noble.

Mr. W. S. Jackson in his book, "Nine Points of the Law" says, "Be content, and you will not want more than you have; be discontent, and you shall eventually have what you want."

There is no doubt that the more man "wants" the harder he works. If no man had a desire to do better the world would stop. The craving for luxury is a stimulant to effort.

There are those who tell us they are perfectly satisfied with things just as they are. They are not the persons who move others or who do much moving themselves. They are the world's drones, too indolent to have a

desire, because desire would mean motion, and their only desire is to be still.

You can never go back and be satisfied with the moderate pleasures of the past. You sometimes dream about going back, but you are never, never going to do it. It is quite fruitless to regret that it can't be done, because it is never going to be done.

It is not God's plan to turn back one leaf in the lesson-book of Life and let us read it over again. The things that were good enough for your grandsires are not good enough for you, and whosoever says they are good enough is talking rubbish. The old times will never come back. We are going forward. Hunger driveth us on.

All have hunger for Comfort. What is comfort? To your horse it is hay and oats and a bed of clean straw; to your dog it is a bone to gnaw and a dish of water and a soft rug to sleep on. But to you comfort is very complex. You have multiplied the comforts and now they have become necessities. You could not abolish your telephone, and your daily newspaper, and your lighted streets, and your rapid transit, and your thousand household conveniences, and go back to the messenger boys, and the weekly newspaper, and the dark streets, and the slow stage-coach, and the

thousand inconveniences of the days of your recent ancestors.

When any one says to me that he would like to go back to the "good old days," I am reminded of what Lincoln said when he heard a piece of bad poetry—"If any one would like anything like that, that would be about the kind of a thing he would like."

You have set your scale of comforts high, and you couldn't go back—not really.

Mr. Meredith Townsend in his "Asia and Europe" tells us of a speech made by Sir Auckland Colvin at Lucknow in India, in which he called upon the Hindu people to "want more comforts," and in which he asked England to teach the Hindus to "want more comforts."

Mr. Townsend admits, somewhat reluctantly that "the standard of comfort among the masses in India is almost the lowest among the semi-civilized peoples of the world;" and he says: "The Hindu's possessions are so few that he could fly into the jungle with his whole possessions at five minutes' notice, and carry them all himself."

And I was thinking when I read the book that there is only one way to awaken India, and that is to give to her the Divine Appetite for better things. The Missionaries of the Cross will do that thing in the coming

years. Soul Hunger will drive India on.

If you could go into the heart of Darkest Africa at this moment and implant in those black men your American Hunger for the highest and the best, the Dark Continent would awaken, cities of marble would spring up there, and church bells would rock in a thousand steeples.

It is Hunger, hunger for the higher things, Soul Appetite, that the heathen peoples lack, and when God's time comes to give all the world that Hunger, all the world will be illumined with the shining of the Great Light.

This Hunger adds to our burdens; there can be no doubt of that; but it more greatly adds to our blessings. How is it the poet phrases it?

"After long digging, a quick-spent treasure,
A long, long life, and a springtide's pleasure,
A year of the thorn and a day of the rose,
And then—all goes.

"Ah! but had never a treasure beckoned,
Had life by its hopes been never reckoned,
Had the thorns been blunted, the rose not
blown,
Who could atone?

"The treasure, gold, to the last thin coin in it,
The rose, pure red where the rich leaves join
it it,
Do they not pay—once won, once worn,
For labor and thorn?"

We ought to pray for great Appetite of heart and soul and brain. There are millions who have not this Appetite. How shall they get it? How did you get it, my people? God gave it to you. It came from above. Jesus said, "Except a man be born from above he cannot so much as see that there is any kingdom of God." Pray thou to God for soul-hunger. Pray for those who are not hunger-driven, who have no such thing as soul-hunger, who do not understand what you mean when you talk of soul-hunger—pray thou to God for thyself and for them.

Go to them and tell them that there is a higher life, and that there is a better way to live. Be a minister to them to impart to them the Great Hunger that shall lead them onward and upward.

A word from you may change a life. You remember the kind old priest, and the story of the Silver Candlesticks in "Les Miserables," and how one kind word changed Jean Valjean from a desperate and hopeless criminal to an industrious and prosperous gentleman. That one kind word implanted in the broken man the Hunger that drove him on. Be thou a minister to some one to impart the Great Hunger.

"Far beyond you," some one says, "something is being worked out, something wide

and infinite, something that wholly transcends your limited thought and sight." God is calling to you through your soul-appetite.

No man here has ever found his ideal place. Each of us has an ideal world in which we long to dwell, an ideal sphere in which we long to labor. None of us finds it here. But we shall find it. This hunger for better things, this feeling that is centered in all of us—I think it is a foregleam of heaven.

We have never seen the best things, but we are going to see them. We have never sung the best songs, but we are going to sing them. The Divine Hunger will drive us on!

"I think the song that is sweetest
Is the one that is never sung;
It lies in the heart of the singer,
Too noble for mortal tongue;
And sometimes in the silences
Between the day and night
He fancies that its measures
Are lovelier than the light.

"The noblest, richest poem,
Lies not, in blue and gold
Among the treasured volumes
That rosewood bookshelves hold—
But in bright and glowing visions,
It comes into the poet's brain,
Yet when he tries to grasp it,
His efforts are all in vain.

"A lifted Hand from the distant Land
Beckons us here and there—
But when we strive to clasp it,
It vanishes into air.
It is thus our Fair Ideal
Floats onward, just before,
Yet we, with Hungering spirits
Reach for it evermore."



“Color-Blind People”



WILLIAM H. FISHBURN

“Color-Blind People”



W. H. Fishburn

By
Rev. William H. Fishburn, D. D.

A Sermon Delivered in West Adams Presbyterian
Church, Los Angeles, California,
January 5, 1913



“Color-Blind People”



Gen. 1:4. “And God divided the light from the darkness.”

Once upon a time, it was in Fairy-Tale time, there were Twin Sisters. The one Sister was Fair, fair as a summer morning, and the people looked and admired when she went by. She was clad in a robe of spun silver; about her neck floated a silver scarf; her head was adorned with a silver crown set with shining silver stars; and over her shoulder she carried a glittering bag woven of silver thread.

The other Sister was Black, black as a winter night, and the people shrank from her when she came near. She was garbed in a robe of ebony black; around her middle was a girdle of black; her bowed head was concealed under a hood of black, and over her shoulder she bore a huge bag of forbidding black.

And the name of the Fair Sister was Nocis, and the name of the Black Sister was Lucis, and together, side by side, they went on down the long highway that conducts to the King’s House.

Now, it was so that each Girl must fill her

bag before the journey's end. And Lucis, the Girl in Black did gather all lovely things.

She picked up great handfuls of white sunshine, and pressed them into her black bag. She gathered the songs of birds, and packed them in. She collected the colors, and the scents of flowers, and poured them into her bag.

She went back and forth along the highway to find the gladsome things—the music of distant wedding-bells, the sound of child-laughter that floated past, the echoes of kind words, the sweet melody of human singing.

But Nocis, the Girl clad in Silver, did gather up the fearsome things. She took up great sheaves of shadows and thrust them into her silver bag. She stopped beside the Brook that flows with human sorrows, and poured a measure-full of tears into her bag. She gathered the moans and cries of anguished men and women and crushed them in. A handful of thorns went in, and a handful of withered flowers. Sickesses, and aches and pains, and the long noise of murmuring misery—she packed them in.

Now, it came to pass, when the evening began to fall, and when both their bags were full, that they betook them to the House of the King. And the King saw them, and the

King and the King's men came out to meet them.

But, when the King beheld the Sisters, lo! they had changed in face and raiment. The Fair face of Nocis had darkened to the hue of night. Her silver-spun bag had turned to inky black, and all her draperies were clinging black. But the erstwhile Dark face of Lucis had become Fair and radiant. Her robe was no longer black, but was Glowing Silver. Her black bag was braided silver, luminous silver; and her black hood was transmuted into a silver crown bedecked with shining silver stars.

These two sisters in my home-made Fairy-Tale had "Divided the Light from the Darkness;" and one had gathered up only the Light, while the other had gathered up only the Darkness.

The spirit of Lucis, in spite of some sorrow that threatened to blight her life, was filled with sunshine, and her spirit had turned her blackness white. The spirit of Nocis, in spite of gladsome surroundings, was dark within her, and her spirit had turned her silver to ebony. They divided the light from the darkness.

Our text says: "And God divided the light from the darkness." So do you, sir, and so do you, and you. So does everybody that

comes into the world. All of us "divide the light from the darkness." Indeed we do nothing else from the cradle to the grave.

But some of us so love the Light that we walk in the light and gather up the light; while some select the Dark for their portion, and walk the whole journey in the dark.

Some hugely rich people are pitifully poor. God clothes them in satin and silver, and gives them the silver mesh-bag; but they fill their silver-mesh bag with grievances and hurts and jealousies and envies. They have more grievances than griefs.

Some poor people are amazingly rich. They fill their gaberlunzies with the good things, the wholesome things, the heartening things.

You can see these people who divide the light from the darkness on all sides of you; and other people can see whether you are gathering up the light or the darkness. You can see these people on the streets, in the cars, in the stores, in the offices, in the workshops, in the schools, in the homes—these people who are dividing the light from the darkness.

From many a silver mesh-bag you can see troubles and anxieties and worries peeping out. Sometimes they cry out, they become vocal. And from many a black bag you can see imprisoned flowers peeping out. Some persons

gather shadows, while others gather sunshine on the very same street in the very same world.

If you are set on finding the dark side, you are going to find it; if you are looking for defects, you are going to discover them. The hungry Optimist at the table looks at the roast, and says: "How good it is;" the hungry Pessimist looks at the same portion, and says, "How small it is."

Mrs. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler tells us how she gets the good out of life without also getting the bad:

"The cynics say that every rose
Is guarded by a thorn that grows
To spoil our posies;
But I no pleasure therefore lack,
I keep my hands behind my back
When smelling roses.

" 'Tis proved that Sodom's apple-tarts
Have ashes as component parts
For those that steal them;
My soul no dis-illusion seeks,
I love my apples' rosy cheeks,
But never peel them.

"Though outwardly a gloomy shroud,
The inner half of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out.
To show the lining."

When our Lord Jesus lived a human life in this world, He saw the shadows; but He did not gather up the shadows. He gathered up the Light; He filled His hands with the Sunshine; and the optimism of His Gospel is the great Light that is today going around the whole world to brighten the world.

In this present life the Light and Darkness are mixed. In a real sense you cannot put the darkness in one bag and the light in another, and keep them separate.

Your teacher of physical science will tell you that our earth never sees perfect darkness or perfect light. They are woven together by God's fingers. Perfect darkness, it is imagined, would paralyze the brain; perfect light would scorch the brain to a cinder. Some of you who have felt the white glare of the unpyting sun in the desert may conceive what a perfect light might mean.

Our Heavenly Father has mercifully mingled the sorrows with the joys. If any of us, in this life could have perfect joy it would kill us; if we could have unmixed sorrow it would drive us insane. God mixes some joy with every sorrow, and some sorrow with every joy.

I used to say to myself that the only unmixed sorrow that ever befell a Person befell our Saviour when He bowed in the Garden

of Gethsemane; but now I am sure that even that hour of darkness had within it some rays of light. A great Hope came to Jesus at that moment, like an angel, and comforted Him. God never permits any human soul to be whelmed in the billows of an unbroken darkness.

In Heaven there is no night; but here in earth the light and the darkness alternate. However bright the day, the night comes. We shall be able to rejoice in the candid shining of the next world, but we could not bear it now. We require the rest that comes with the darkness. We could not live all our lives in the pitiless glare. There are times when we pull down the blinds, when we rejoice that the evening shadows are falling. And so God offsets our joys with sorrows. Too much joy would spoil us, like too much light.

We are to divide the light from the darkness. We are to discover which is light and which is darkness. The worst evils come to us from confusing light with darkness; from being unable to discriminate between them.

Everywhere we go they are mixed together. The florist sells over the same counter wedding-wreaths and funeral flowers. I saw, the other day, in a bookstore, a Bible gilt-edged, with black-under-gold. When closed it shone with the burnished metal, but as you thumbed the edges the black shone out.

Dr. Watkinson tells of a traveler in Brazil who wrote of the astonishing vegetation there, of the glowing flowers of immense size; handsome butterflies eight inches from tip of wing to tip of wing, dyed in black and silver and scarlet and blue and gold; of superb orchids; of gigantic ferns like trees; but told on the same pages of his letter about stinging insects that bite until the blood flows; about the swamp fevers and the poisonous serpents. He says, "There were glorious things and ghastly things in the same landscape."

The light was woven in and in with the darkness. There are lovely things in human life, but there are noxious things too. Let us make no mistake about that. Some persons deny the existence of pain, and care, and burden, and evil, and call themselves optimists. They are not optimists; they are idiots.

There are both light and darkness, and they are here for everybody, and everybody gets a share of each.

The picture in the text is as if light and darkness were two separate entities, like a stratified rock where a layer of snow-white marble is grown to a layer of black obsidian, and God drives a wedge between, and cleaves the one from the other. But that is only a picture.

In real life the black melts into the white,

and the white merges into the black. There is no sharp line where the one ends and the other begins.

Wherever the light shines brightest, there the shadows are blackest. It is the one who has been most favored who feels the greatest anguish when darkness falls.

Jacob, when his beloved boy was taken from him, cried out in wild grief: "All these things are against me." He forgot the sunlight that God had poured upon him throughout a long lifetime. He forgot Bethel, and Padan-Aram and Peniel—"All these things are against me."

Jacob's light all went out at the coming of a single sorrow. His faith in God went into total eclipse. We know that all these things were not against Jacob. They were his blessings. They made him great.

But how many of us, my people, go off into the outer darkness over the bitterness of a single grief. We forget the years of joy. We forget the great mercies of the good God. Years of prosperity are forgotten in one hour of evil.

Do you know the best use to make of the dark things? Turn them into bright things. The white light that is falling on this pulpit is falling there because some one, somewhere, is burning black coal or black oil and turning it into electric-light-potentials. Coal,

carbon, the blackest thing we know, carries the most energy, the most light, of any substance we know—but only after the coal has been put through the fire.

Accept the dark providences the Lord sends you, and turn them into bright things.

I saw, in a show, two one-legged men, one of them with a good right leg, the other with a good left leg, and they strapped themselves together, and put on an immense policeman's coat, and came to the platform, and danced jigs, and Highland Flings and two-steps, and turned hand-springs, and exhibited high-kicking exploits. They delighted the audience, and were on the pay-roll for fifty dollars a night, each. They accepted the burden God had sent them, and made a blessing of it. They turned darkness into light.

A friend told me of an actress who had grown grotesquely fat, prodigiously, uncomfortably fat, but turned it to use by appearing on the stage in a side-splitting comedy. She turned a burden into a blessing, both for herself, and for the people who enjoyed the performance.

This turning the black thing into the Bright thing has been done by a great multitude of people. The blind Swiss Naturalist, Francois Huber, wrote the best book on Bees and their habits that ever was published be-

fore the exact observations of our modern biologists began.

The blind William Hickling Prescott filled your library shelves with some of the most delightful historical books that are there.

Lord Nelson, who won the Battle of Trafalgar over Napoleon Bonaparte, was, at the time he won it, an Admiral, with only one eye and only one arm.

George Eliot who wrote *Daniel Deronda*, and *Adam Bede*, and *Silas Marner*, and *The Mill on the Floss*, and so on, spent more than half her days in a darkened room with paralyzing headaches.

These persons took the darkness God sent them, and turned it into light. They divided the light from the darkness. Mr. Herbert Spencer used to tell of being guided through the streets in a dense London fog by a man who walked with sure and steady steps, while Mr. Spencer could not see his hand before his eyes; and he afterwards discovered that his guide was a totally blind man to whom the darkness and the light were both alike, and who chose that occupation to make a living.

How many are doing it, turning the darkness the Father sends them into light to brighten other lives! How many of the poor and the suffering open their lips only to give praise and to speak good cheer to others. And

if you, with your life into which few shadows have fallen, you who murmur most and complain most, if you could know of the burdens that are borne by the heavy-laden and afflicted, borne with a smiling face, some of you would go down on your knees in the dust before them, and confess that they are as high above you in courage and valor as the stars are above the earth.

In this same first chapter of Genesis, it is written, "The evening And the morning were the first day." The darkness was not the day; the light was not the day. The day consisted of the evening And the morning; the admixture of darkness and light.

And you, sirs, have not lived your day as God means you to live it unless you have taken your share of darkness along with your share of light.

There are privileged persons who demand that there shall be no shadows in their lives, no hardships. They would be carried to the skies on a velvet cushion. Such persons are the losers.

We need to touch the rough places. We need to be hustled and jostled by the sharp elbows of the crowd; we need to be brought into contact with other lives. We need the strident noises to jar us into world-consciousness, the honk of automobiles, the shouts of

the procession, the roar of commerce, the rattle of the electric riveter, the blast of screaming police whistles, the clang of brazen bells.

We need these things to startle us into activity. They are not pleasant, but they are necessary. They tell of ongoing, of progress.

We may run away from them, as the monks of the Middle Ages ran away from the sins of the world, and hid themselves in caves and dens; but worse things may come to us than those we have escaped from, as worse things came to the runaway monks.

We may stupify our senses against the darkness by draining "long goblets of the Golden Wine of Cypress;" by indulging in champagne suppers; by making life all gaiety and high-jinks.

We may turn our darkness into apparent light by drugging ourselves into exhilaration. The hasheesh eater goes to sleep a beggar, and in his drugged dream he sees himself the master of a lustrous palace, attended by a thousand slaves—but wakes, the same beggar that went to sleep, only enfeebled by the potion that gave him one night's delight.

We may run away from the crash and grind of life, but if we do that we shall not have lived at all. We must, if we would be real men and women, accept both the darkness and

the light. If we plan to escape, we miss everything that goes to make up a rounded life.

I do not believe there are any useless people in the world; but I am apprehensive that some persons come up pretty close to the line that divides usefulness from uselessness, and they are now and then in danger of stumbling over the line.

Old Isaac Watts, who wrote so many of our Christian hymns, wrote one poem that is not as well-known as it ought to be, entitled "Insignificant Existence:"

"There are a number of us creep
Into this world to eat and sleep;
And know no reason why they're born
But only to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish.

"Then, if their tombstones, when they die,
Be'n't taught to flatter and to lie,
There's nothing truer can be said
Than this: They've eat up all their bread,
Drank up their drink, and gone to bed."

Take thy place in the ranks, O, man! Accept thy share of darkness along with thy share of light. Bear the burden the Lord gives thee, and bear it with a bright face and a stout heart.

Now, there are right ways of escaping from the darkness. You can do it without denying

that there is any darkness. Denying the existence of darkness will not emancipate you, because the darkness is Here! You might deny that there are any black squares on the checker board; but another person standing beside you might deny that there are any white squares on it—and, between you, you would be persuaded that there isn't any checkerboard at all.

The way to escape from darkness is not to try to escape from it. You can't escape, if you do try. This Book does not promise that the Christian believer shall have no sorrows, and no burdens and no darkness. When we speak of our blessed Lord Jesus we sometimes call Him the Man of Sorrows.

He did not escape from sorrows, and His servant James did not escape, nor Stephen, nor Peter, nor Paul. They were acquainted with the darkness.

The one who believes in Jesus gets just as many sorrows as the unbeliever. Jesus never promises that those who follow Him shall have no burdens to bear. But He does promise to show them how to bear their burdens, how to make their burdens seem light. He teaches us to take the burdens, and to turn them into good for the blessing of others, and for the blessing of our own selves.

"The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne," says to Joanna,

"There's one sure cure for the blues, in this world, Jo. It's safer than cocaine, and just as sure. "Go and do something you don't want to—for somebody else."

Take the sunshine God gives you, my people, and go out and scatter it over others. Carry your armfuls of sunshine into regions where men and women sit in sullen gloom.

That is what our Missionaries are doing, carrying sunshine to people who sit in darkness and the shadow of death—and you can be a Home Missionary by carrying the sunshine into your own street, and even into the door of your own house.

Learn to divide the light from the darkness, and then leave the darkness behind and carry the light with you.

Fill not your memory with heartaches, and calamities, and misfortunes and adversities, lest your silver mesh-bag turn black; but fill your memory with the sunny things, and the joys and the occasions that be of good cheer, and thus go through life, and thus stand at last before the King. Don't let your darkness spread. Let your light spread! Let your light shine!

We must not pass hasty judgment upon any of the providences of God. Everything our Father sends to us, is right, and He sends it just at the right time, could we but know it.

We are Color-Blind, all of us. We fail, oftentimes, to divide the light from the darkness. Frequently we cannot tell which is light and which is darkness. That which we once called darkness turns out to be the purest light. Some seeming adversity is the very thing that lifts us up.

If we could see with God's eyes there would be no darkness. In God's eyes there is no such thing as real darkness. There are no such things as actual calamities. They seem like calamities to us, because we are Color-Blind.

Every life has its mixture of the colors; the reds, the yellows, the blues, the violets, the indigos, the greens, the oranges.

Have you visited a physical laboratory where they were showing the wonders of the solar spectrum? With a triangular prism they break up a beam of white light into a gorgeous color-band of seven hues. They then adjust seven concave mirrors along the line so that each mirror shall catch one of the brilliant tints.

Then these seven mirrors, one after another, are focussed upon a screen. The yellow light is focussed upon the blue light, and the spot is a glowing green; the red is then turned to the same spot, and it becomes a radiant orange.

And so, mirror after mirror sends its beam

of color to the screen, and when all the seven touch the spot at once, it is a spot of Light so White that you put your hand before your eyes.

You and I are living just now in a world of broken lights. God's scheme in our lives is not completed here. Wait until He takes us into His Great Laboratory, by and by, and gathers up all the colors that are woven into our lives, and we shall see them combine in a radiance that shall fill our lips with immortal song.

Did Germany Murder Its Bible?



WILLIAM H. FISHBURN

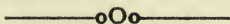
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Did Germany Murder Its Bible?



W. H. Fishburn

By
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A Sermon Delivered in West Adams Presbyterian
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Did Germany Murder Its Bible?

Amos 8:12, They shall run to and fro
to seek the word of the Lord, and shall
not find it.

The Bible in the days of Amos was only a little Bible, but it was all the Bible they had. In the midst of great national prosperity the people forgot God; they forgot prayer; they forgot the House of God; they went their own way in the pursuit of pleasure.

And then this prophet stood up and tried to arouse them and to bring them back to God. He said to them, in our lesson:

"The days are coming, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water; but of hearing the words of the Lord.

"And they shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east; they shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it."

People who have the Bible sometimes disregard it. They stop reading it. They put it out of their lives. They murder their own faith in it. And then there comes a terrible day when they want it back; they cry for it; they grope for it; they yearn for their old faith; but it is gone.

A speaker at one of our Pan-Presbyterian Councils a number of years ago related a "Persian Fable" which I remember too obscurely to reproduce it in its full beauty; but it told of a young prince who brought to his royal father a nutshell, which, opening on a hinge, contained a magical tent.

This little tent was of such miraculous construction that, when spread in the nursery, the babes could play beneath its folds.

When it was set up in the throne-room the King and his regal company could converse under its shelter.

When opened in the courtyard, the family and all the servants could come together beneath its shadow.

When spread wide open in the camp where the soldiers were training, it became a vast pavilion in which the whole army could assemble.

Surely this little tent may be called a symbol of God's word. Everything is contained within the nutshell of the Bible. Open it in the nursery and the parents and children will gather with rapture beneath its folds.

Spread it in the courtyard, and the entire household may assemble for morning and evening devotions under its shelter.

Set it up in the village, and it becomes a church, and the whole town sings praises to God under its canopy.

Pitch it upon the plain and a great army will gather within it.

Send it to the heathen lands, and it opens out into a great tabernacle that fills and covers the world.

Does our civilization owe anything to the Bible? Our civilization owes everything to the Bible. No Bible, no civilization! Our civilization owes it to the Bible that it is delivered from superstition. The Bible is not a Dream-Book. It is not a puzzle-book. It is not a trick-book. It is not a book to be read in the dark. Its messages are as clear as crystal. It had no underground crypts in it. It

is a book of the Open Door. When you study it, study it in the light. Take it out where the sunshine can smite its fair pages with white light. Show it to the world; let the world study it; examine it; analyze it. It can bear investigation.

The Bible gives us courage; it gives us hope; it floods our souls with its glowing radiance. It enables us to see a light that shines beyond this world and projects its luster over into the world of reality on the other side of the grave.

Dr. Bustard says: "If we do not believe in the authority and inspiration of the Scriptures, we shall be useless in Christian service."

This is the Book which can never be superseded or destroyed. Men have dissected this book. They have burned it and scattered its ashes upon the waters. They have trampled it under the feet of their horses. And yet, every book in this old volume is still crying out to the critics what Paul said to the jailer: "Do thyself no harm; we are all here!"

"This little Book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone,
Than all their diadems.

Nay, were the sea a chrysolite,
The earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,—
This Book were worth them all."

Is it possible to murder the Bible? No! Absolutely no! Should this earth endure for a million years, and then for millions more, as I sincerely and devoutly believe it will, the Bible will be the one document that will retain its youth in imperishable splendor, and will

be the guide of the footsteps of mankind through the ages of the ages!

It is not possible to murder the Bible, but it is entirely possible to murder one's faith in the Bible, to murder a whole nation's faith in the Bible.

You, sir,—you,—you,—may murder your own faith in the Bible. You may neglect it. You may scorn it. You may despise it. You may laugh at it. And, by and by, on some lonely day when the burdens begin to break you, and dear friends have gone away into the Great Silence, and the skies around you are growing dark, and you want to get something out of the Old Book to help you and to sustain you in the time of sore testing, you may learn that that something has vanished away. You have murdered your Bible by murdering your own faith in your Bible.

It is written in this Book that there are some things that one can do, the doing of which will destroy his own soul.

We are going to ask and to answer, this hour, the question: "Did Germany Murder its Bible?" Also we are going to ask the question: "Might it be possible for America to murder its Bible?" And another question: "What might happen to those who murder their Bible?" And yet another question: "Will there be found a way back to a forsaken and neglected Bible?"

I believe that I am in agreement with the majority of scholarly men when I say that it was in Germany that the destructive criticism of the Bible had its birth. It was in Tübingen University in Germany that the first fountain of deadly unbelief began to spurt forth its jets of intellectual and moral and spiritual poison. The section of Germany that consid-

ers itself "learned," drank that poison in huge gulps that intoxicated its brain. But that same subtle venom has been tasted by all Germany and has cankered and polluted all Germany, and has spread into every nation and kindred and tongue and people where German literature has penetrated.

Destructive criticism of the Bible may be stamped: "Made in Germany."

I think it was Ferdinand Christian Baur who was the real patentee of the German Poison-Fountain. He was Professor of Church History at the University of Tübingen. As a church historian he is recognized as a man of distinguished ability. He was a follower of Hegel in his philosophy, and a large proportion of the disciples of Hegel become critical and distrustful of nearly everything.

This Professor Baur insisted that the disputation between Paul and Peter as related in the book of Acts was never settled, and that the two men never became reconciled; that the early church was split into two factions,—one faction standing with Paul and the other with Peter. He denied that Paul wrote any of the Epistles that bear his name, except First and Second Corinthians, Galatians, and the major part of Romans.

He practically ignored in his earlier writings the Gospel accounts of the Death and Resurrection of our Lord, though he afterwards,—somewhat reluctantly, it seems to me, and with mental reservations,—assented to the Resurrection. He taught that the advent of Jesus was the advent of Pure Reason; that Pure Reason began with the coming of Christ.

From this noxious thinker, Baur, and from his co-worker in unbelief, David Friederich Strauss, the poison spread like an infection.

Following them came Zeller and Schwegler, Koestlin and Planck, Hilgenfeld and Holsten, Kuenen and Wellhausen, Gunkel and Procksch, Schraeder and Spiegelberg,—men whose names could hardly be mistaken for Irish names,—and by their writings they broke down and destroyed the faith of all Germany in the Inspiration of the Bible and its great messages. Destructive Criticism bled the faith of the German people to death.

Very hurriedly, and without paying much attention to their historical sequence, let me name a few of the deliverances of the school of unbelief:

Abraham and the other patriarchs were only myths; Moses is not to be considered a historical person. Every page of the Old Testament is freckled and spotted with fable. There is no such thing as Sacred History. The Pentateuch is anonymous. The historical books are only a hodge-podge. There never was any Adam. Paradise is a fairy-tale. There never was any Fall of Man. No such monument as the Tower of Babel was ever built. Human speech was never stricken with confusion. There never was such a person as Noah; and nobody ever built an ark; and there never was a universal Flood. The story of Joseph and his Brethren is pure folk-lore. Samson is a made-up hero for the children. The champion, Goliath, was invented by David's admirers. No nation ever wandered in the wilderness. The Ten Commandments were not given on Mount Sinai. The Jordan river never stopped in its course since it began to flow. There is no such thing as Inspiration. There never were any miracles. There is no supernatural. The books of the Bible are to be placed on the same plane with the literary remains of the pagan nations, Rome, Greece, and India.

These are a few of the things that were uttered by the be-spectacled scholars of Germany for the murdering of the Bible, or for the murdering of the faith of the people in the Bible.

Professor Beyschlag of the University of Halle, at a Christian conference held in Berlin, when destructive criticism was at the peak of its popularity, declared that there was not to be found a solitary professor in a German Institution whose orthodoxy was beyond question on the subjects of Inspiration and the Person of Jesus Christ.

Germany did murder its Bible by murdering the faith of its people in the Bible,—and this accounts for the inexcusable and unprovoked war that Germany started and that Germany is waging today against the nations of the world.

Germany has flung the Christian God out of its heaven and has erected a sort of cast-iron devil to rule in God's stead.

Germany has taught her people that the Germans are supermen, destined to rule all other men, and to trample all other peoples under their feet.

Mr. Herman Fernau in his book, "The Coming Democracy," defines German "kultur" as being "Learning without character, knowledge without conscience, organization without humanity, ideals without dignity."

The words of Mr. Vachel Lindsay might be applied to the poisoned German soldier whose belief in God has been taken away from him, whose faith in the Bible has been stolen from him, who is only a poor automaton, slavishly obedient to the commands of his brutal military masters:

“Not that they starve, but starve so dream-
lessly,
Not that they sow, but that they seldom
reap;
Not that they serve, but have no gods to
serve;
Not that they die, but that they die like
sheep.”

I owe you an apology, sirs, in advance, for now plunging you into a bath of German literature; but there are certain writers so frequently named in our speech of today that I have thought it wise to make selections from some of the books of Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Von Bernhardi; and then from the utterances of some of the German pastors, in order to show how far the teachers of Germany have departed from the ethics of the Bible.

From Nietzsche's book, "The Antichrist," I copy this: "I condemn Christianity. I bring against the Christian Church the most terrible accusation ever voiced. Christianity is to me the greatest of all imaginable corruptions. I call Christianity the one immortal blemish on the human race."

From the same book: "The weak must perish! That is the first principle of our charity. And we must help them to perish."

From his "Also Sprach Zarathustra": "One must refuse to be eaten at the time one tasteth best."

From his "Goetzendaemmerung": "The time is coming, I promise it, when the priest will be regarded as the lowest type, as the most mendacious, the most disreputable variety of human being."

A second quotation from his "Goetzendaemmerung": "The man who is truly free treads

under foot that contemptible species of security dreamt of by shopkeepers, Christians, cows, women, Englishmen and other democrats. The free man is a fighter."

Nietzsche was for eleven years, from 1889 till 1900, a madman. He died insane in 1900,—but he is read and quoted and believed in by millions in Germany.

Here are some quotations from Von Bernhardt's book, "Germany and the Next War:" "The proud conviction forces itself upon us with irresistible power, that a high, if not the highest, importance for the development of the human race is ascribable to the German people."

On another page: "We now claim our share in the dominion of the world, after we have for centuries been supreme only in the realm of the intellect."

Another page: "Our next war will be fought for the highest interests of our country and of mankind. 'World-power or downfall,' will be our rallying cry." (Let me say here in parenthesis, that, in the war they are waging just now, it is downfall that is awaiting them.)

Another quotation: "Is the weak nation to have the same right as the powerful nation? The very idea represents a presumptuous encroachment on the natural laws of development."

One more page from Von Bernhardt: "Might is the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right in war is decided by the arbitrament of war. War gives a biologically just decision."

Here are a few quotations from the war book of Henrich Von Trietschke: "The Germans are always in danger of forgetting their

power and their nationality through an excess of modesty."

On another page: "We must see to it that the outcome of our next successful war shall be the acquisition of colonies by any possible means."

Another quotation: "This Germany of ours was once the greatest of sea-powers, and, God willing, she shall be so again."

One more quotation: "It is not worth while to speak of these matters, for God above us will see to it that war shall always remain as a drastic medicine for ailing humanity."

A last quotation from Von Treitschke: "Merely to be able to say, 'I have never lied,'—this is nothing but a monkish type of morality."

And now, after two or three quotations from the Reverend Clergy of Germany, I shall let you emerge from your German bath.

It must be remembered that these words following come from the clergy of the State Church, who speak according to the German Kaiser's will.

Here is a quotation that ought to be spoken in a whisper. It is taken from a sermon by Rev. H. Francke: "We can say that, as Jesus was treated, so have the patient people of Germany been treated."

From a sermon by Rev. F. X. Muench: "Is not our Germany itself transformed into a suffering Christ?"

From a sermon by Rev. Dr. Preuss: "Germany is experiencing a repetition of the Passion of Christ."

Could blasphemy go farther? Has Germany murdered its Bible? Has Germany murdered truth? Has Germany murdered decency?

I quote from a sermon by Rev. M. Hennig:

"Each soldier must do his duty so that, when he shall one day answer the heavenly bugle-call, he may stand forth with a good conscience before his God, and his old Kaiser."

This bit of coarse sacrilege was amplified in a magazine, "The Young German's Weekly," to read like this: "When here on earth a battle is won by the German arms, and the faithful ascend to heaven, a Potsdam lance-corporal will call the guard to the door, and 'Old Fritz,' (meaning Almighty God), springing from His golden throne, will give the command: 'Present arms!'"

There you have it. "Old Fritz" on the throne instead of God. A Potsdam soldier as the orderly of high heaven; a guard of Prussian soldiers to keep the door of heaven! And then add to this the Hymn of Hate that is sung all over Germany, and you will be capable of answering the question: "Did Germany murder its Bible?"

Germany did murder its Bible. Might it be possible for America to murder its Bible?

Is America reading its Bible? Is America shaping its life by the Bible? Is America obedient to the mandates of the Bible?

Honor bright, sir, how many hours a day do you spend over your Bible? How many minutes a day? And you,—and you,—and you? Do you ever miss a day? Do you ever miss two days? Do you ever miss a week? Two weeks? How long is it,—be honest,—how long is it since you let the light shine on your Bible while you read a chapter in it and then got down on your knees and prayed God, for Jesus' sake, to bless that chapter to the healing of your soul? How long is it?

Are you murdering your Bible by neglecting it? Are you letting yourself drift, and

drift, and drift, farther and farther away from this Book that is a Fountain of Light?

Slow poison may take years to kill, but it kills. In the "Count of Monte Cristo" you are shown a case of slow poisoning which is as surely murder as if it were done with a dagger.

It is possible for the Bible to be murdered here in America.

And what happens to those who murder the Bible? The text tells you. You will get hungry for a taste of real bread, and thirsty for a draught of real water. "They shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east, they shall run to and fro, seeking, seeking for the Word of God, and shall not find it." Thus it is written here.

I wonder how many persons there are in this room who are wandering; running to and fro! I wonder how many persons there are in this room, who, at some time in their lives, have seriously called on a Moonsee, a Swami, a Yogi, a Mahatma, a Guru, or the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son,—persons who put the opening of the veils of the future on a dreadfully commercial basis!

That is what follows the forsaking of your Bible, the murdering of your Bible. You drift. You wander about. The wires are down between you and the Father in heaven.

Maybe you have money and much of it. But your money, your stocks and bonds, your great houses of merchandise, your miles of railway that you call your own,—these do not take the place of Jesus Christ,—and you know it. Your soul thirsts for God; you cry out for the living God. "Give me Heaven!" They want heaven to speak by wire or by wireless.

The sorest tragedy that can overtake a human soul is to have faith in the Bible eclipsed!

God blotted out! Christ blotted out! Hope blotted out!

We spoke here last Sunday morning about the reasons for the war in Europe. This present war did not burst upon the world without a sufficient cause. It was Germany, God-defying Germany, Bible-murdering Germany, that danced around its witches' caldron, and sang the weird dirge, "Double, double toil and trouble,—fire burn and caldron bubble!" It was because there was no Christ love to restrain them, no words of authority out of the sacred Book to bridle and suppress them, that blood-lust, lust for dominion, lust for power possessed them, and they began a maniacal warfare that can have but one possible ending,—the crushing and humiliating and dismembering of the German Empire.

Civilization will never again be safe,—and civilization knows it now,—until it wrenches the sword out of Germany's hand and splinters it to pieces!

God has His high purposes in this war. He means to bring back to mankind a high and holy faith.

In America there are individuals who have murdered their Bible; in Germany there is a whole nation, Kaiser, warriors, philosophers, professors, preachers, citizens, school-boys, school-girls,—down to the humblest craftsman, the obscurest vassal, who have scorned the Bible, who have struck the Bible in the face.

God will see to it that those who want their faith in the Bible to come back shall have that faith again. God will see to it that the Light shall break again over the many who now sit in darkness and are praying for the return of the Light.

Amid the encircling gloom there is only one light that is safe to follow, and that is the light that shines from the Cross of our dear Lord. "All the light of sacred story gathers round its head sublime."

Kossuth used to say, speaking of the march of intelligence: "I know that the light has spread, and that even the bayonets think."

It is my own fixed belief that the devil is just now taking his last horseback ride across the plains of Europe.

I do not believe for one moment that the consummation of the age is near or that the final catastrophe is approaching. The Golden Age is not past. The Golden Age is coming. God the Father has uses for this fine old world that is not yet half-finished, and He is not going, suddenly, to burn it up or blot it out.

There is a vision fairer than any dawn that is going to be thrown upon the screen to be looked at by this world's tomorrow.

The war will pass and peace will come. Unbelief will pass and faith will come. God's Word will take its place in the van of civilization, and all the nations of the world will walk together in the Light of it.

We've traveled together, my Bible and I,
Thro' all kinds of weather, with smile or with sigh;
In sorrow or sunshine, in tempest or calm,
Thy friendship unchanging,—my Lamp and my Psalm.

We've traveled together, my Bible and I,
When life has grown weary, and death, e'en, was nigh.

But all thro' the darkness of mist and of wrong,
I've found Thee a solace, a prayer or a song.

Shall I now give Thee up, Thou Revealer of Light?
Thou Sword of the Spirit, put error to flight;
And thro' my life's journey, until my last sigh,
We'll travel together, my Bible and I.

FACES



WILLIAM H. FISHBURN

Faces



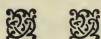
By

Rev. William H. Fishburn, D. D.

A Sermon Delivered in West Adams Presby-
terian Church, Los Angeles, California
May 31, 1914

12-13-14

Many Faces in One



Ezek. 1:5-6. "They had the likeness of a man. And every one had four faces."

We are told that there is one place in the Pacific Ocean where the water is 32,085 feet deep—that is, more than six miles deep.

There are many places in our Bible where the water is more than six miles deep—and one of them is in the Book of Ezekiel.

When we open the Book of Ezekiel without caution, we are likely to tumble in beyond our depth. I am always afraid of drowning when I study the Book of Ezekiel, because many a time I have plunged headlong into it, and have come out of it more dead than alive.

There are depths in Ezekiel so profound that they have never been measured—but if ever there shall come some student wise enough and skilled enough, and with a line long enough to dip his bucket to the bottom of Ezekiel, his bucket will come up filled to the brim and dripping with pure liquid gold.

I am not ashamed to confess fear in studying Ezekiel. Better men than I have feared to plunge into the unsounded depths of his mystical Book.

There are speculative writers who profess

to find forecasts in Ezekiel of some of the great inventions that have come since his day. When he spoke of moving wheels with fire between the wheels, they surmise that he foresaw the Locomotive; that the color of amber fire which he saw in the midst was the flaring Headlight; that his winged chariots lifted up, with wheels underneath standing still, imaged forth the Aeroplane; that his revolving wheel with another revolving wheel spinning in the middle of it was a mental picture of the Gyroscope, and so on. But this is pure fancifulness, and puts a severe strain on an intelligent imagination.

Dr. Henry Maudsley, the physiologist, after a hasty and unsympathetic study of Ezekiel, did not hesitate to say that the Prophet was a demented man, a man gone stark mad. But, have not our clever writers said something like that about every pioneer, about every discoverer, about every exalted man who sees visions or dreams dreams?

I respect Dr. Maudsley; I have high regard for his excursions into the realm of mental physiology, but I feel that, so far as his criticism of Ezekiel goes, it is the criticism of a man with a wooden head, and the Book of Ezekiel was not written for men with wooden heads.

To me Ezekiel is a man of strong mind and

crystal brain, who sees visions that cannot be written down in the inadequate language of earth. When I stand in the midst of his Book I shade my eyes with my hand to lessen the blaze of intolerable splendor that smites me. To me the fire that bursts out in terrible incandescence before Ezekiel is the glory of God; the Powers that flash and fly and burn are the servants of God, hastening to do God's bidding; the wheels represent the omnipresence of God; the eyes innumerable represent the omniscience of God. He tells us, himself, in his Book, that the heavens were opened, and that he saw visions of God.

We cannot help being afraid of Ezekiel with a reverent fear when he takes us into the Presence Chamber of God; but we can stand beside him without fear, though not without wonder, when he shows us this Image of a Man.

"Out of the midst (of the fire) came the likeness of four living creatures—and this was their appearance. They had the likeness of a Man—and every one had four faces . . . As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a Man, and the face of a Lion on the right side, and they four had the face of an Ox on the left side, they four also had the face of an Eagle."

We can understand Ezekiel in some measure when he speaks about a Man.

"They had four faces." Four faces in one face. I think it is a composite picture of a man's face that Ezekiel sees; and he sees that face dissolving into another resemblance as he fixes his eyes upon it. It is truly a Man's face as he first looks at it; but after long looking at it the Man's face seems to melt away, and he sees the courageous face of a Lion; the Lion-face fades out, and he seems to see the patient face of an Ox; the Ox-face dissolves away, and he beholds the far-seeing face of an Eagle. He is looking at a Man, and in the Man's face he sees the combined faces of the Lion, the Ox, and the Eagle. There is only one human face before him, but he sees many natures in that one face.

Victor Hugo says: "Ezekiel saw the quadruple man—man, ox, lion, eagle—that is, the master of thought, the master of the field, the master of the desert, the master of the air." It is one of Victor Hugo's fine picture sentences.

Ezekiel sees many natures in one face—and he seems to be telling us that God's ideal Man is the man who combines the self-control of a man with the patient strength of an ox, the courage of a lion, and the vision of an eagle.

You have read some of the books on phrenology, physiognomy, palmistry, passing fads which presume to tell what is in a man by looking at some portion of the outside of him. Nearly everybody plumes himself on being a physiognomist, a reader of human faces.

There are few, perhaps none, who can really read faces, because the mobile face is one of the most crafty and cunning of deceivers; and those who most frequently get fooled in human character are the ones who imagine that they can read the human Face.

The face does not always tell the truth. In one of your old romances a man enters a company with the majestic mien and bearing of a king, and the people bow before him, believing that he is the king—but it transpires that he is a convict who has filed off his fetters and has fled from a penal colony. And in another of the tales of long ago there rides upon a stage-coach a man with the face of an unconquerable hero, and the travellers feel secure in his companionship—but he runs like a frightened rabbit when highwaymen attack the coach.

The face does not tell what is in the man. The face is not an infallible index of character. Here and there we see human faces bearing the configuration of the tiger, the goat, the bull-dog, the fox, the wolf, though the individ-

ual bearing the face may not possess one marked characteristic of the animal resembled. We are likely to make mistakes when we look only at the outside of a man to learn what is in him.

It is written in this Book: "Man looketh upon the outward appearance; but the Lord looketh upon the heart."

Our Lord Jesus looked past the face; He looked upon the heart. Jesus once saw the proud Pharisees in their blue robes and their crimson girdles going past an unhappy Jew who was sitting at the door of the custom-house—going past him with averted faces, and holding their stiff skirts away lest they should be polluted by the man's touch. And our Saviour went up to the man and touched him—touched the despised creature, looked him through and through, and saw royal manhood in him, and called him to be an Apostle. Jesus saw past the outward appearance; He saw the beautiful Soul of Matthew.

Jesus saw a man worth saving in the poor broken tramp who came over the hills one day, hungry and wretched and in rags—and He spoke the sweetest words that ever fell from any lips, about the saving of the Prodigal Son.

Jesus once saw a woman whom self-righteous men hated and hounded and howled at

and wanted to stone in the public street—and he stepped between her and her enraged pursuers and sheltered her and rescued her and saved her, and she is one of those who, today, are walking in heaven clothed in white raiment because she loved much and was much forgiven. "Man looketh upon the outward appearance; but the Lord looketh upon the heart.

"They had the likeness of a man. And every one had four faces." That is to say, every one had four dispositions, four potentialities, four different capacities, four personalities, either of which might become dominant.

Dr. Patrick Fairbairn, quoting from Dr. Lange, sees in this passage in Ezekiel the following: "Man, in his ideality, the center of life which conditions all the other life-forms, the highest form of animal life—Man; the suffering and bleeding life-form, the sacrificial and bleeding animal, the Ox; the ruling life-form, exhibiting itself in royal freedom, the Lion; and the life-form which soars above the earth, free from toil, engaged in vision, the Eagle." He sees these four capacities hidden in every man.

Every person born comes into the world with these four potentialities. You, sir, and you, show forth at different times the qualities of all the four. Sleeping in every baby's cradle

are the potentialities of man, ox, lion, eagle. Which shall dominate the life of the child? You, sir, and you, are a quaternion of natures—four natures bound indissolubly together—men, ox, lion, eagle.

It is as if there were three press-buttons at your elbow, and you can touch either button, evoking at your will the ox, the lion or the eagle as occasion may require; or you can touch at once the three buttons and command the attendance of the combined three. They are your servants, your obedient slaves, like the Jinns in the Arabian Tales; but woe be unto you if any one of these servants shall become your master, if the ox or the lion or the eagle shall dethrone the Man and become the ruler of the Man.

When you go about your tasks without joy, in mere stupid obedience as one laboring only through fear of the goad, it is the Ox that is dominating; when a sudden fury of temper overcomes you, clouding your mind with desire for revenge, it is the Lion that is driving you; when you forsake the path of duty and fall into long and idle dreaming, it is the Eagle that is mastering you.

Ezekiel probably knew nothing about experimental psychology, but he was inspired of God to put this touch of Evolution in his book, that man is born into the world with no less

than Four Natures. Modern evolution goes farther and proclaims that every quality of every animal is latent in man.

But, remember that every man born is born a Man. Man is a free being. His circumstances do not make him. God has given to him the dower of Liberty. He may become a worthless vagabond by letting go of himself; or he may become a useful member of society by the grace of Christ and the exercise of his own will.

It is true, to a certain extent, that we take after our ancestors, but it is also true that we can choose which ancestor we shall take after. We have the power, as Mr. Barrett puts it in one of his books, of "mending our ancestors." Our heavenly Father has given us Individuality. Each of us is separate from everybody else. If we had some bad ancestors we can put them down, and take after our good ancestors. Our ancestors do not make us. We make ourselves.

Dr. James Devon in his "The Criminal and the Community," says: "Everybody likes to put the blame for his badness on his ancestors; but it is more profitable to teach the man, and to encourage him to do well, than to stand by and praise him while he curses his grandfather."

You are, yourself, sir, an accountable being

before God, and whatever ancestry is back of you, God will give you the power to shake off the evil of it and to use the good of it.

"They had the likeness of a man. And every one had four faces." This word of God may be used to teach us that we are divinely equipped to occupy different spheres; that we are divinely appointed to different vocations. Every one has his place; and blessed is the man who finds his place and fills it and rejoices in it. But a great many of us are trying to do the thing for which we are not fitted. We attempt to defy nature; we essay to do the things nature never meant us to do.

You can't put the wings of an eagle on an ox and expect the ox to ascend and fly over the mountains, any more than you can put horns and hoofs on an eagle and expect the eagle to eat hay out of a manger. You can't put the lion in plow-harness and make him a beast of draught or a beast of burden. The ox is meant to fill the ox's place, the lion the lion's, the eagle the eagle's.

There are almost innumerable persons out of their proper places. Sydney Smith suggested that if holes were bored in a table, some of the holes round, some square, some triangular—and if human beings were represented by pegs, some square pegs, some round pegs, some triangular pegs—human life would

show us that, frequently, the triangular pegs got into the square holes, the round pegs into the triangular holes, and the square pegs into the round holes.

Blessed is the man who finds his proper place in life. Many men miss their calling at first, and find it only after a second or a third trial.

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley believed that he was meant for a sign-painter, but God meant him for a poet, and we are glad that he found his rightful place.

Sir Isaac Newton's mother wanted to make a farmer of the man who became the mathematician, the investigator, the discoverer. Handel's father was a doctor, and he did not want his son to be a doctor but a lawyer—but the son was born an eagle—his place was above common men, high up in the musical sky, to compose Hallelujah Choruses, and to fill the world with melody. Mr. A. T. Stewart was ambitious to be a preacher, and he studied for it and failed; then he tried to be a teacher and failed; then he went into business, and became one of the leading merchants of his time. Blessed is the man who finds his place. Alas for the man who becomes one of the misfits in the Great Plan. There is wholesome truth as well as biting humor in some

burlesque lines that I copied from Walt Mason the other day:

"So many men now wield the pen
Who should be herding cattle;
So many shirks who should be clerks
Now make the welkin rattle.
So many fakes are filling dates
As Hamlet or Othello,
Who ought to rush and get a brush
And paint a cow-shed yellow."

"While knights and peers are auc-
tioneers,
And blacksmiths are musicians;
And gifted bards are spading yards,
And grocers are physicians."

I believe our Maker meant us to aspire, meant us to fill the largest place we are capable of filling; but I am sure that He did not mean us to condemn or to despise the lowlier place, the humbler place.

When Jesus was here among men He showed us that what we call the humble place is really the high place. The Master spent thirty years of His life in a workingman's home and in a carpenter's shop. He said more than once, "I am among you as He that serveth." One of His beautiful sayings is, "Whosoever will

be great among you, let him be your Servant."

"As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a Man and the face of a Lion on the right side; and they four had the face of an Ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an Eagle."

Ezekiel to whom this Vision came saw the Ox man at work. He speaks in his vision of the River Chebar. It was not a River. It has been identified, by modern excavators as a Canal just east of the ancient site of Nippur, and now called Kabaru.

It was a Canal, and the Ox men were digging it. And who were these Ox men? They were Hebrew slaves who had been brought from their own country. Some of them had been Princes and Nobles; they had been men of soft hands, men of gentle-birth, but their task-masters made Ox men of them. They gave them spades and mattocks and picks and sent them out to dig under the hot Babylonian sky.

Ezekiel was himself a Hebrew slave, and he was acquainted with these men who had been turned into Ox men. He looked at them as they toiled in that repulsive ditch. He saw the Man's face in their face. He saw the Lion's face in their face. He knew that the blood of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah was racing in their veins. He saw the Eagle's face in

their face, the Eagle's face that sees visions, the face with the power to get above the earth, the type of face that composes Psalms and writes Prophecies and gives the world a Bible!

And these were the men that were turned into Ox men by the Babylonians, these poets, these musicians, these scholars—these men who once had worn the purple and the fine linen! Yes, sirs, but you must not pity them. Ezekiel saw the great mystery of human adaptability. He saw that they possessed a God-given quality that fitted them to be Ox men when the moment of necessity came.

Every normal, healthy man is dowered with the attributes of the Ox, is able to work hard and to work submissively in case of need. God made all of us for hard work. We can do hard work. We are able to do hard work. Our innate power to adapt ourselves to our surroundings is something to be wondered at.

The position of the ox in the economy of nature is not dishonorable but honorable. You do not pity the ox. You admire his strength. You let him pull his huge load with straining shoulders and smoking withers. You praise him. He is built for hard work. God so put him together that he is able to do hard work.

And God meant us for hard work. You must not give your pity to the strong man

who toils. He is fitted for toil. The digger, the delver, the lifter with the hundred arms of Briareus is able to do hard work. He is needed in this world. The men with the strength of the ox who bore tunnels and lay railway tracks and build aqueducts are needed. We might spare some of the merely ornamental people, and be little the poorer, but we could not spare the man with calloused palms and sunburnt face—the man who toils.

And if your Lord calls you out of luxury into labor, my people, if He lays heavy burdens upon your backs, bear the burdens patiently as the uncomplaining ox bears his burden. If your Lord calls you to laborious work, if he says, "Come," be ready to follow Him barefoot to the edge of the world.

Hard work is honorable work. Murillo, in one of his fine pictures, gives us his conception of the nobility of humble labor. In the picture are Angels, and they are all at work in a plain kitchen. When you look at the picture you see one of the angels setting the kettle over the fire; one of them is spreading the table-cloth; one of them is bringing the dishes from the cupboard. They are all engaged in doing the simple and humble things.

"As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a Man and the face of a Lion."

We do possess the patience of the Ox; but,

woven into the warp and woof of our nature, says this God-inspired man, we possess the characteristics of a Lion. Do not forget that a portion of the blood that beats through your heart is Lion's blood, and that God put that blood there, and that He put it there for a purpose.

Our artists depicture the Lion as a creature of majestic calm; as possessing courage that will not flinch; as ready to fight for his consort and for his offspring. Dr. Livingstone told us long ago that the Lion bears pain heroically; that he cannot be cowed even by deadliest pain.

Now, my people, our modern civilization seems to be attempting wholly to extinguish the Lion in us—not merely to restrain him, not merely to put him in leash, but to abolish him altogether.

Through the mail, recently, I got a circular from one of the advocates of "Peace At Any Price," which requested me never, never to announce such hymns as "Onward Christian Soldiers," and "Soldiers of Christ, Arise," and "Am I a Soldier of the Cross," and "O, Watch and Fight and Pray," and a score or two of other hymns with "Soldiers" and "Fight" in them, because such hymns with such words had a tendency to stir up the "War-spirit." I dropped the circular into my waste-basket.

You see, there are docile souls who do not ask us merely to restrain the Lion; they ask us to exterminate him. I suspect they would have us sing at every service: "We Are Thy Timorous Sheep."

Now, let me say it with unmistakable emphasis—for Peace in the Name of Christ all around the world I do stand with my whole heart! For the End of War between nations and peoples I do stand and I do pray from the deepest depths of my being! Let there be no misapprehension about that!

But, for the extinction of the Lion that fights against wrong, against oppression, I do not stand; for the cowardly administration of justice in some of our courts which has become a joke, I do not stand; for obsequiousness and cringing to men and women who openly defy the law I do not stand. God put the blood of the Lion in us for a good and wise purpose.

The day may come when the Hymn-book shall be sterilized; but if the Bible shall ever be sterilized of its swords and helmets and targets and spears and shields and soldiers and fightings and battlings against the devil and all his works, there will be little left in it to thrill the blood.

In Percy's Reliques we read of a Dragon which came out of a stagnant lake and de-

voured maidens—one maiden being its daily feast. A maiden must be chained to a stake each night to furnish the Dragon's repast for the coming morning. St. George came and fought the Dragon, and, after much peril of battle, slew it, and saved the maidens. Mr. Chesterton says: "If St. George were living in our day he would not conquer and kill the Dragon; he would tie a pink ribbon around its neck and give it a saucer of milk."

Sirs, all the steps up which civilization has ascended are stained with blood, with the lion-like blood of men and women who fought against wickedness, who would not compromise with wickedness—men and women who endured hardship, and expected pain, and were not afraid of pain. They had the blood of the Lion in their veins.

St. Paul had the blood of the Lion in him all his life. He was like a Lion when he fought with the beast-men at Ephesus. Nearly his last words were, "I have fought a good fight." St. Paul did not go tip-toeing to heaven in velvet slippers; he went in much heaviness and hardness to heaven, wearing the rough iron shoes of a Soldier.

"They four also had the face of an Eagle." All of us have flowing in our veins not only the blood of the Ox and the blood of the Lion; we have, also, some drops of the blood of the

Eagle. The Eagle that stirs within you is the seer of Visions.

They could make an Ox of Ezekiel's body on that hot Babylonian plain, but they could not imprison the man's Spirit. His Spirit was an Eagle that soared high above that ditch in the desert, and saw visions the like of which God has given to few of His children.

Our Lord has rightly put us together. He has given us Manhood to dominate all, and under the dominion of the Man He has placed within us the nature of the Ox to labor or to be offered as a sacrifice on the altar; of the Lion to face without flinching all the conflicts of life; and of the Eagle to lift itself above all storms, to swim up there in the uninterrupted sunshine—to see supernal visions.

And all of that the Lord bequeaths to us that we may become Men, real Men who are worthy to live forever; that we may come, after all the storms are ended, "unto a full-grown Man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

Go on, brave Soul, bear thy burdens and dream thy dreams! Scale the ladder of the skies; and then take the Eagle's wings and leave the ladder behind, and go upward into the secret places of His pavilion, upward into the places of great quiet where God is. Thou

canst do it. God has endowed thee with the power to do it. He has given thee the Eagle's wings. Use thy wings!

FALLEN GATES



WILLIAM H. FISHBURN

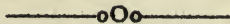
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The Fallen Gates of Civilization



W. H. Fishburn

By
REV. WILLIAM H. FISHBURN, D.D.



A Sermon Delivered in West Adams Presbyterian
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The Fallen Gates of Civilization

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The Fallen Gates Of Civilization

Neh. 2:13, "I went out by night
and viewed the walls of
Jerusalem, which were broken down,
and the gates thereof were consumed
with fire."

How the ancient Hebrew did love Jerusalem, the Holy City! He fell on his face in rapture when he beheld, standing on a mountain top, his temple, a vision of gold and marble, reflecting the first flash of the morning sun from its shining pinnacles!

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, the City of the Great King," sang the opening chorus in Solomon's Temple three thousand years ago; and the antiphonal chorus, led by the silver trumpets, sent back the answering song: "Let Mount Zion rejoice! Let the daughters of Judah be glad!"

For hundreds of years, for nearly five hundred years, the historians say, the city of Jerusalem grew great and rich, and the glorious temple stood there on its hilltop saluting the morning sun. Vast wealth accumulated. Targets of beaten gold hung massively on palace walls. There were chests filled with jewels of price. There were treasures of ivory. Silver was as plentiful as stones in the city streets. Jerusalem was a prize. It was crammed with rich booty. It was tempting to the greedy eyes of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon. It was a city to be looted. It was a storehouse to be pillaged.

And Nebuchadnezzar came upon it with his strong army. He besieged it. He conquered it. He filled his wagons with the wealth of it. He beat down its twenty Gates with his battering rams. He broke down its walls of stone. He burnt with fire its temple, its palaces, its mansions, its homes, its houses of merchandise.

He found a city of beauty. He left it flattened down to the ground,—a smoking ruin. He put its people in chains and carried them away as captives.

This Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, was the Great Red Hun of thousands of years ago, the pre-historic Hun,—and his soldiers were the Huns of Old Testament times, murdering, pillaging, looting, ravishing, burning, destroying, enslaving,—turning fine silk into sackcloth, turning beauty into ashes.

For fifty-two years after this fiend-man had wrought his will upon it, Jerusalem remained a ruin. Then a Temple was built to take the place of Solomon's Temple. The Temple stood in the midst of broken walls and fallen gates for seventy years, and then Nehemiah came, Nehemiah, the man with a vision, Nehemiah, the man of dauntless courage,—and inspired the people to rebuild the broken walls and to lift up the fallen gates.

It was an evil day for Jerusalem when her walls were broken down because the broken walls made her defenseless before her enemies. But there are some separating walls that ought to be broken down, that ought to be removed forever, and that must inevitably be removed before our civilization can become truly, "A Parliament of Man, a Federation of the World."

We of the United States can never again

think of ourselves as a walled-in people, as a separate people living here in our own quiet corner of the earth and looking out for nobody but ourselves.

The walls between the great Republics, America, France, England, Belgium, Italy, China have gone to pieces and the nations that believe in "governments of the people, by the people and for the people" are beginning to see each other eye to eye and face to face as a great Brotherhood.

It will be a good thing when the wall between labor and capital shall be broken down to be built up never again.

It will be a good thing when the wall between religious sects which, down in the bottom of their hearts, believe in the same God, in the same Holy Spirit, in the same Christ, shall be broken down, shall be ground into fine dust, shall be blown away by God's great purifying winds—and every believer in our Lord shall be to every other believer in our Lord Jesus as a brother unto brother.

The walls that separate believer from believer are becoming so thin and transparent that bye and bye a child will be able to overthrow them with its little hand. These walls are not defenses but menaces. They hinder more than they help.

But the walls about Jerusalem were necessary. They were a defense. They prevented the wolves from devouring the sheep. And it was a good day for Jerusalem when Nehemiah came and awakened the people to rebuild the walls and to set up the fallen gates.

There is no doubt that when Nebuchadnezzar came down upon Jerusalem with his hosts of armed men, the citizens asked, "Why does God permit this? If God is God why is our

repose disturbed? Why is our pleasant dream shattered? Why doesn't God interfere?"

They asked those questions just as tens of hundreds of people are asking today: "Why doesn't God stop the war?" "Why does He permit these monstrous wrongs to go on?" "Is there any reason for this war?" "Is there any God at all?" "Did it just happen?"

Now, sirs, if you are in any doubt about the existence of God, you'd better get that doubt out of your mind; and if you think this war came upon our world without any reason, you'd better get that thought out of your mind.

God is looking on at this war and sorrowing. And there is a reason for it, a sufficient reason for it.

When you get home, read the second chapter of Jeremiah if you want to know the reason why Jerusalem was pillaged, her temple destroyed, her walls torn down, her gates broken, her people enslaved. Here are the twelfth and thirteenth verses of the chapter,—
"Be ye astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be ye horribly afraid, be ye very desolate, saith the Lord. For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters; and they have hewn them out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water."

And verse 19 reads: "Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thine own sins shall rebuke thee."

Read the chapter at home and think about it, and you will be sure, just as I am sure, that it is not God who is smiting us with a scourge, but that our own sins, our own remissnesses, national sins and personal sins, are smiting us in this war with a whiplash that draws blood.

Don't you imagine for a moment that this war is an accident. Don't you imagine for a moment that God has forgotten us. God is pitying us. God is trying to compel us to set up again in their places the Gates that are broken down, the Fallen Gates of Civilization. Don't you imagine for a moment that God is going to let the world go on to destruction. This war is designed to save it from destruction, to save it from destroying itself, to turn it back from the slippery incline down which it has been rushing at a great speed for many a year.

Do you believe that men can go on age after age and defiantly break the good and holy laws that are written in this dear Book and never be called before the bar of justice and never be made to pay the penalty?

Do you believe that our own America that men are dying for, and that you would be willing to die for, —do you believe that our America is able to lift up clean white hands, and that it would be found guiltless before God? Is there no sin in America that needs to be scourged out of America? Are not there some Fallen Gates in America that need to be lifted up and repaired?

Has not the Gate of Reverence fallen in America, reverence for God's Name, reverence for God's Book, reverence for God's commandments, reverence for God's house, reverence for God's Day?

Has not the Gate of Justice fallen down? Is not Justice flaunted in her own temples? Does not a slobbering, maudlin sympathy set free bad men and bad women as if there were no laws written in our statute books?

Has not the Gate of the Family Altar

Fallen? Who is thinking about Family Prayer? Who feels nowadays that Family Prayer is the biggest, sweetest thing in family life?

Are not there liberal religions, so-called, that have pushed away the old Cross with its Gospel of blood and suffering and pain, that have put the mania-to-be-well in place of the Cross of Jesus, and that would be ready to blast the Rock of Ages from its everlasting foundations and crumble it to powder?

Listen, sirs, to the audible speech of men and women in the open marketplaces if you would know whether sacred things are held in veneration; whether there is a real fear of God before the eyes of a multitude of mankind; whether decency is regarded; whether old age is respected; whether God's name is revered!

We have erred and strayed from God's ways like lost sheep and we need to be brought back. God loves us and He is going to bring us back.

The life we are living here was never meant to be smooth and easy. It is meant to forge character on the anvil of hardship, sometimes on the anvil of burning pain.

Let us confess it, my people, we have tried to get away from discipline. We have tried to thrust God and religion out of our lives and to let go of ourselves and have our own way. We have grown effeminate. We desire softness. We wish for pampering and cossetting and indulging and petting. We have lapsed into softness. So did the people of the Great Monarchies. So did they of Greece. So did they of Rome. And those nations were blotted out of the books.

We need to learn hardness, discipline, obe-

dience. Professor William Lyon Phelps has a fine essay on "Courtesy" in which he says, "Military training teaches obedience, a quality that our youth sorely need to acquire; we need to learn politeness. No other nation has neglected politeness as we have done."

I want to say something about military training as a means whereby we may learn politeness and obedience; whereby we may get rid of our flabbiness, spiritual flabbiness, mental flabbiness, physical flabbiness; whereby we may learn to endure hardness, to take our punishment standing up, to be strong-hearted, to be unafraid.

The school of war has its value as a maker of Christian manhood. It is not only a maker of soldiers for our armies. When you look at what war-training has already done for our young men, you cannot help giving praise to war-training. War-training lifts up stooped shoulders, pushes out a flattened chest, gives a spring to the step and a look of unquailing manliness to the eye.

Unless we are ready to let our civilization go headlong into bankruptcy, we must have military training. Personally I believe in universal military training. If we had adopted universal military training three and one-half years ago we could put an arm across the seas today and take Prussia by the throat and strangle her to death. Those who say: "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier" ought to be asked, "What did you raise him to be? Did you raise him to be a mollicoddle?"

I believe every boy ought to be taught the manly art of self-defense. I believe every boy ought to learn at what point the trigger is placed on a rifle, how to take aim at a mark and how to hit the mark he aims at.

There is a fine Biblical authority for military training. There was good red blood in the veins of King David when he wrote that battle-song in the 144th Psalm: "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." The Scottish Presbyterians have made a church hymn of that Psalm and they sing it with enthusiasm, and that may account for the grim steadiness of the Scottish soldier's aim and the splendid virility of his onslaught.

In our lesson the fallen walls were rebuilt and the gates were lifted up and put back on their hinges. The walls of our civilization are broken and many of the Gates of our civilization are fallen, but every broken wall is going to be rebuilt and every fallen Gate is going to be restored to its place. Our soldiers who are gone to Europe and who are going to Europe are going as builders. They are going to build up the broken walls and to lift up the fallen gates.

Is everybody in America standing back of our soldiers? Is everybody in America doing everything to cheer our soldiers? Is everybody in America doing everything within his power and her power to win the war and to destroy the Hun?

On the contrary there are many who, openly or secretly, are doing their utmost to hinder the winning of the war and the destroying of the Hun.

Nehemiah in our lesson paid small attention to the hinderers outside the walls, but he gave some attention to the hinderers on the inside. He had his hinderers and also he had his way of hindering them from hindering. You must read between the lines to know what Nehemiah did with the hinderer. The hinderer

never hindered anybody else after Nehemiah gave him one treatment.

Amongst the hinderers who would paralyze the President's hands if they could, who would make this war a colossal failure if they could, who would put the iron yoke of Prussia on your neck and mine if they could, I would name an array of evil and disloyal persons,—alien enemies, profiteers, alien grumblers, I. W. W.'s, slackers, spies, pacifists, cowards, brewers, saloons, bootleggers, those human coyotes who corrupt the soldier; and along with them I would mention agitators who make inflammatory and malicious speeches, newspapers that think evil and disloyalty in their hearts and print carefully camouflaged evil and disloyalty in their editorial lines, and that ought to be suppressed and suppressed without delay.

Our national government has been patient, miraculously patient with these hinderers. They would not be permitted in Hunland. Let anyone in Germany obstruct, and that one will speedily find himself shut up in jail or standing with his back against a stone wall. The Atchison Globe says, "In Germany there are practically no spies. Why? Because they shoot them; and it doesn't make any difference whether they wear trousers or petticoats."

There are other hinderers,—persons who imagine that they are optimists, who will tell you they are certain the war will be over by the 15th of next month; pessimists, who break your heart with mournful wailing about the power of the Hun and the total impossibility of beating him. They worry and worry and worry. One of them was found the other day after a splendid Allied victory with his head

bent down, worrying. His companion asked him what he was worrying out and he replied: "I'm worrying about what I'm going to be able to worry about after the war is over and there's nothing left to worry about."

There is another group of hinderers that it would not be fair nor right to leave unmentioned, and they are to be found amongst our United States Senators and Congressmen who let things go all to sixes and sevens until some calamity is impending, and then make frothy speeches and offer fatuous resolutions, and beg excitedly for the opening of a series of "investigations" to find out why things happened just the way they happened.

I suppose you will admit that our present Congress is not composed entirely of strong and great men. There are few of them who would be worth painting by an artist, though I imagine a number of them might be the better for a little white-washing.

Thinking of and speaking of the hindered is not a pleasant task, but thinking of and speaking of the Helper is a pleasant task, and thanks be to God, in the setting up of the Fallen Gates the Helpers are far, far in the majority. There are thousands upon thousands, there are millions upon millions, who are willing Helpers. They are to be found in every section of society.

In our lesson of today it is written, "The nobles put not their necks to the work of the Lord." Our nobles today have put their necks in the yoke of military service. This is not a rich man's war; it is not a poor man's war.

Both the rich and the poor of America, both the rich and the poor of the Allied Powers are in it, and in it up to the neck.

The very flower of England's men went to

France the first year of the war, and the vast majority of them are there now, sleeping under the sod, between the Channel and the Vosges. "More than a million of Frenchmen and Englishmen," says Mr. James M. Beck, "are sleeping their last sleep in the now forever sacred soil of France."

Everyone ought to feel the hurt of this war. Some of us are shut out of actual participation in it by infirmity, by age,—but all of us may be helpers. There are some who are shut out of actual participation by cowardice. But there are some cowards who know they are cowards and who pray God to give them courage. We were told quite recently of a young man in Pennsylvania who had straw-colored hair, and who requested the prayers of the pastor and people, in order that he might become red-headed. He had heard that red-heads were brave fighters and he was praying the Lord to give him red hair so that he might go forth and fight the Kaiser. He wanted to be a helper.

We are living, sirs, in the time of testing, the times that try what sort of stuff we are made of. We are passing through the period of blood and iron. Talk will not win the war; sermons will not win the war; but money will greatly contribute to the winning of the war. We have been asked for money. We are going to be asked for more money, and then after that for more money, and as long as our dear boys are "over there" we are going to be asked to give money.

The "Boy Scouts" are helping by button-holing us to buy War Saving Stamps. At the Malabar Street School, last week, the children went out, 250 strong, and paraded

through their school district, and sang war-time songs like this:

"Sing a song of war-time, a country full of
camps;

Fifty million patriots buying Saving Stamps.
See the pennies flowing in a golden stream
To keep the soldiers going and to smash the
Kaiser's dream."

A man over age cannot be drafted to lick the Kaiser, but he can lick a Thrift Stamp, which is along the same line. The Dallas News says, "A patch on your trousers may be regarded as a thrift stamp."

Tomorrow will start the week of the Red Cross Drive for one hundred millions of money. Our lesson tells us that the women helped in the work of lifting up the Fallen Gates. "Shallum, the ruler of the half part of Jerusalem, repaired his portion, he and his daughters.

These blessed women, who are working in the Red Cross and for the Red Cross are real women. They do not belong to the clinging vine, coddling, sick-minded class of women. They are clear-headed, forward-looking, balanced-minded women,—women who are not afraid of danger or of death.

The first ladies of the land, together with the second ladies of the land and all the other ladies of the land are serving,—are knitting, sewing, rolling bandages, making garments, nursing the wounded and the sick,—are doing their bit towards forwarding the work of the Red Cross. Titled English women are driving plows and harrows; are acting as chauffeurs. It was told in one of our public prints that Lord Hargraves jumped into a motor-car in London and said to the woman chauffeur,

"Drive me to Dorchester House." The chauffeur said, "All right. Get in." Lord Hargraves said: "I'm accustomed to being addressed as 'My Lord.'" "All right," replied the driver, "you get in. I am accustomed to being addressed as 'My Lady.'" She was his social equal.

The Red Cross will get its one hundred millions, Los Angeles will raise its apportionment of three-quarters of a million. No one with a heart will turn away this appeal of the noblest work in the world.

A letter came to me from Mr. George S. Fowler, the Executive Secretary of the Red Cross, with these words: "It would require volumes to tell you all that the Red Cross has accomplished,—the lives saved, the suffering assuaged, the starving fed, the homeless sheltered, the heart-broken comforted."

Let me impress it upon you today that the suffering peoples of Europe are looking to America for relief. They have a right to turn their pain-stricken faces towards us. They have a vast claim on America,—the claim of having fought America's battles with the Hun, and having protected America from the ravages of the Hun for nearly three years.

One of the pamphlets sent out calls the Red Cross "The Army behind the Army," and assures us that so great is the work and the demands made upon them that "Our giving must shake us to the very foundations." "We must give more than we are able." "You have bought Liberty Bonds," says the pamphlet, "and War Saving Stamps, and have already contributed all you can spare to the Red Cross, but you must give, give, give,—give more and more, because if you're not suffer-

ing, you're not giving." "Don't think of your giving as a sacrifice. Think of it as a privilege." "When you give you are fighting as surely as if you had a gun in your hand. This is not benevolence, it is War. Your act is Valor."

The Red Cross is helping millions. "It is gathering in the poor little children, wasted waifs of the war-swept area." "It is maintaining the Red Cross Canteen, that Hail Fellow of a saddened world."

Do thy share! Do thy share! Give as thou art able to give. You will be helping in lifting up the Fallen Gates of our Civilization. You will be helping to bring the war to a triumphant close.

"Over the din of battle, over the cannon's
rattle,
Over the strident voices of men and their
dying groans,
I hear the falling of Thrones."

"Out of the wild disorder that spreads from
border to border,
I see a new world rising from ashes of an-
cient towns;
And the Rulers wear no crowns."

Immigrants and Emigrants

WILLIAM H. FISHBURN

RN



Emigration
and Emigrants



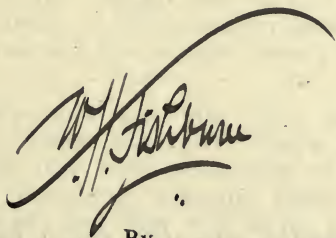
THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES
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WASHINGTON, D. C. 20560
1975

RN



Immigrants and Emigrants

A stylized, handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "W. H. Fishburn". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large, sweeping arch over the name.

By

Rev. William H. Fishburn, D. D.

A Sermon Delivered in West
Adams Presbyterian Church,
Los Angeles, California
November 30, 1913

RN

Published by order of the Church Extension
Board of the Presbytery of Los Angeles,
April, 1914

Immigrants and Emigrants



Jer. 22:10. "Weep sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."



"Weep sore for him that goeth away." There they go! There they go! Oh, the long procession of old friends marching outward from the Homeland; and they will never come back.

Thus Jeremiah speaks of those who emigrated from Jerusalem to far away lands two thousand four hundred years ago, and never came back.

I shall not even try to disguise the discourse of this morning as a sermon. It is not to be a sermon on a text; it is to be a Home Missionary Address on Immigration and Emigration.

There is a difference between migrating and emigrating and immigrating. He who migrates merely moves from one house into another; he who emigrates leaves his native land for another; he who immigrates comes into a new land. The alien who leaves Europe or Asia for America is an Emigrant when he starts on his long voy-

age; he is an Immigrant when his feet touch our shores.

We people of America count the Immigrants; but the peoples of Europe and Asia count the Emigrants, and count them with sobs of sorrow. They weep sore for him that goeth away because he shall return no more, nor see his native country."

To us an Immigrant is only an Immigrant; he is a living, muscular machine, a machine weighing some one hundred and fifty pounds, a machine to delve in the mines, to dig in the streets, to labor in the shops and the mills,—he is one hundred and fifty pounds of muscle.

But to those peoples on the other side of the seas he is a human soul, he is a man, he is a being strung with sensitive nerves; he has a brain that thinks and a heart that feels.

I saw a great ocean liner laden with Immigrants arriving in New York City. There were hundreds and hundreds of them on that one ship, and, as the vessel came into port, I could hear the cheering of the Immigrants above the strident noises of the harbor. Many of them were waving their hands for joy. Many were laughing. Some were singing. Some were dancing to the music of an orchestra. Their faces were Foreign faces, but they were good, wholesome faces. And while

some were skipping for merriment, others were weeping; others sat alone, bowed, silent. All of them were strangers coming to a strange land. What were they going to find in this new country whose language they did not know, and whose manners were, to them, a mystery?

I looked at that huge throng, I looked until my eyes got misty,—but those people did not seem to me like Immigrants. They seemed to me like men and women and children,—brave, courageous souls who had fared forth from far-away homes on the Great Adventure.

And then my vision was augmented so that I could see across the Atlantic and hundreds of miles beyond, and I saw aged fathers and mothers who had been left behind, and who were “weeping sore for those who had gone away, who should return no more, nor see again their native country.”

The biggest problem that confronts America at this moment is not the tariff, nor the currency bill, nor the repeal of Panama Canal tolls exemption, nor the pillow-fight that is going on in Old Mexico. There is a question that overshadows these questions, and it is this: “What are we going to do with the Immigrant, and what is the Immigrant going to do with us?”

We of Los Angeles are optimists.

None but optimists live in Los Angeles. The bluest pessimist who can get into a passenger train back East turns into an optimist when he inhales the scent of our California flowers, and refreshes his palate with our California fruits, and fills his lungs with the ozone in the California atmosphere that tingles in the blood like a draught of nectar. The very wind that blows in California is Medicine Wind.

And, being optimists, we see the bright side of everything. We tell everybody about our Good Roads, about our Good Owens River Water that will soon be carried to our lips in crystal goblets; about our new Southern Pacific Station that is, presumably, going to be more gorgeous than anything Solomon ever saw in all his glory.

We are dreamers, and we dream good dreams for which God be praised! What dreams we have just now concerning 1915 and the opening of the Panama Canal and the World's Fair that is going to bring hundreds of thousands of visitors to walk our streets and to be stricken with incurable Los-Angelitis, so that they shall settle down here for the remainder of their lives.

We are waiting for the Panama Canal to open with salvos of artillery, and sweet strains of martial music, and

the blowing of loud trumpets, and the acclaim of many voices. There will be parades of feathers and uniforms and gold braid. There will be processions of battleships and of merchant ships. All of that will be. It must be, because our local prophets have set it down that Los Angeles shall have a population of one million in 1920.

But, sirs, we have not given much attention to the procession of another kind that is going to follow in the wake of this splendid Canal-Opening procession. Behind the battleships and the merchant ships there will come the procession of the Immigrant ships,—a procession that is going to be of incalculable length, and that is going to unload its burden of Immigrants in the Harbor of Los Angeles.

We shall have our million in 1920,—I have not the least doubt about that,—but not all of them will be persons whom we should invite to dine and sup with us.

Los Angeles is not a timid city; it is not a city that modestly hides its light under a bushel. Southern California is a country that cannot be hid. Our fame is gone out into all the earth, and our praise to the ends of the world. The peoples of Montenegro and Servia and Bulgaria, of Italy and Austria and Hungary, of Finland and Poland and Russia, of Turkey and

Syria and East India have heard of our "Land of Heart's Desire," and, whether we welcome them warmly or not, they are going to come,—and we are going to look in the black faces and the brown faces and the wind-reddened faces of Asia and Europe, right here in the streets of our beautiful city!

Do you know what it means, sirs? Have you looked into the future and tried to spell out what it means? Have you looked into the question at all? The women of the Missionary Society have been studying at least the edges of this problem, and they are able to surmise in a measure what it means. They can tell you of some of the good things and of some of the direful things that, in God's wise purposes, are in store for Los Angeles and for Southern California.

Since the beginning of American history there has been but one great portal through which the Immigrant has entered our country—that great portal has been New York City. If you are a careful reader you know something about what the Immigrant has done for New York City and what New York City has done for the Immigrant.

Today there are more native Irish living in New York City than are living in any city in Ireland; there are more native Germans living in New York City than are living in any city

in Germany, except Berlin; there are more native Italians living in New York City than in any city in Italy except Naples. Sixty-five foreign languages are spoken in that city's streets; five thousand newsboys sell newspapers, crying them in foreign tongues. In New York City, with its suburban cities, there are seven millions of people.

And now a New Gateway into America will be opened with the opening of the Panama Canal, and the stream of Immigration may be diverted from New York City. Immigrants may come pouring by thousands and ten thousands and hundreds of thousands into Southern California.

Are we ready for them? Are our Churches ready for them? Is the Gospel of Jesus Christ in our hearts and on our lips to salute them? Are we even giving them a thought?

We are told that there are a million persons in New York City who have turned their backs upon the churches and upon the Lord Christ because the Churches have run away, have moved into exclusive and fashionable centers in order to escape from the polluting touch of the Immigrant.

I wish you could keep it in mind that we shall not only have one million of population in Los Angeles, and then stop. We shall some day have

two millions, and five millions,—and who shall say how many millions more,—and millions of these coming citizens of Los Angeles and this Southland are going to be Immigrants.

Is not the problem of the Immigrant a problem worth studying? Is not it a problem that appeals to every one who loves Him who hath made of one blood all races of men?

How full of thanks is the Immigrant upon arriving on our shores! He rejoices. He is in America! The world is open to him. He is full of great hopes. He dreams big dreams. He is in America! Are we glad to have him?

Whether we are glad or not, he is coming. Dr. Frank Julian Warne in his book, "The Immigrant Invasion," tells us of the enormous inflow during the past ten years. He does not put it into dry figures; he makes a picture of it that we can see. He states that during the past ten years, "for every time the clock struck the hour, day and night, one hundred persons, born in some foreign country, not including Canada and Mexico, landed on the shores of the United States."

I have been recently doing some figuring at a hazard. During the eleven months of the year, 1913, there have come to the United States upwards of one million Immigrants. The total for

1913 will be nearly one million and two hundred thousand. How many will arrive between 1915, when the Panama Canal opens, and 1920,—a period of five years?

During the five years, from 1907 to 1912, there arrived in the United States 4,292,895. Only suppose that this New Gateway lures one-fourth of the Immigrants, there will arrive on the Pacific Coast between 1915 and 1920, 1,073,246 persons. Even if you divide that total in half, the number that will arrive here is appalling. Are we ready for them? Are our Churches ready for them? We are going to get new citizens, but God is not going to let us pick them. He is going to pour them upon us as a mixed mass.

“They come, they come, one treads the other’s
heel,
And some we laugh, and some we weep to
see,
And some we fear; but in the throng we feel
The mighty throb of our own destiny.

“Outstretched their hands to take whate’er
we give,
Honor, dishonor, daily bread, or bane;
Not their’s to choose how we may bid them
live—
But what we give we shall receive again.

“America! Charge not thy fate to these;
The power is ours to mould them or to mar,
But Freedom’s voice, far down the centuries,
Shall sound our choice from blazing star to
star.”

Have you ever thought what would become of this country without the Immigrant? Have you considered how God is enriching America by giving us this procession of the Immigrants? Mr. Shriver in his "Immigrant Forces," suggests that, "if the 13,516,000 persons, our total foreign-born white population, having packed their bags and bundles, should silently sail away some night back to Europe and beyond," we should discover immediately how dependent we are upon the Immigrants, and how bereft we should be without them.

Mr. Shriver forgets that these departing millions might take along with them their children born in the United States, which would add 18,900,000 more, a total of 32,000,000 persons! We should know then, suddenly, what we owe to the Immigrant. The United States, without them, would be like a land that has been swept by a catastrophe the like of which has never visited any nation.

We of the United States are enriched by the coming of the Immigrant, but Europe and Asia are becoming impoverished by his departure. Put yourself, for one moment, in the place of the old folk who are left behind in the far countries. Think of standing on the shores of America and seeing tens of thousands, hundreds of thou-

sands of Americans going away to some foreign land never to come back. Think of America stripped of one million people a year, instead of receiving one million people a year!

We owe much to the Immigrant. Do you know that one-fourth of the Grand Army men who battled in 1861 were foreign-born men? Do you know that three-fourths of your hardest labor, aside from that done on the farms, is done by the Immigrant; and that much of the best farm work is done by the Immigrant?

This country needs him. But it cannot assort him. It must take him as he comes, and use him as it finds him. We seem to have a preference for Immigrants from certain lands like England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland. We look upon them as people of our own blood and kin. We would reject, if we could, the coming of some of the foreign races. But we can't. And it is well that we can't. Out of the skeleton of the lion we get honey.

Mr. Robert Watchorn, a careful student of the Immigration problem, says this: "If you give the Italian, the Hungarian, and the Russian Jew half a chance, he will make the English, the Irish, and the German look like thirty cents."

Do you know how the steel in the

finest sword-blades is compounded? When the cutler will form the finest steel he gathers samples of iron from Sweden, from Syria, from Russia, from England, from the United States and fuses them together and forges them into a weapon that will carry an edge, and that will flash in the soldier's hand like a bar of quicksilver. And so our Heavenly Father is forging here in America the coming man, and He gathers the metal from every land, and out of His refining fires He will produce here, at last, the man of His desire.

I never think that it is much of a question whether a man was born in America; the big question is: Is America born in him?

The Immigrant is a burden of course, but all burdens are blessings just as all blessings are burdens. Cannot we say from our hearts: Be he burden or be he blessing, thanks be to God for the Immigrant!

The majority of the Immigrants who come to us are only ordinary men. Most of them are not skilled. Few of them are endowed with genius. But we need ordinary men. Maybe we have too many who think themselves extraordinary and not enough who are ready to be ordinary and to do the ordinary things. Here is a fine word from President Wilson: "When I look back on the processes of history, when

I survey the genesis of America, I see this written over every page: that the nations are renewed from the bottom, not from the top; that the genius which springs up from the ranks of unknown men is the genius which renews the youth and energy of the people. Everything I know about history, every bit of experience and observation that has contributed to my thought, has confirmed me in the conviction that the real wisdom of human life is compounded out of the experiences of ordinary men."

These Immigrants who come to us are largely ordinary men, but they are human men, men who can feel, men who can understand. They are mostly respectable men. They had a hunger for better things, and that hunger has drawn them across the seas. Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler had a poem some time ago in the Assembly Herald telling us of the wrong we do to the Immigrant when we call him "The Scum of the Earth." The Immigrant is not the scum of the earth. Europe is not pouring its sewage into the United States, as the inflammatory speakers of ten years ago were used to affirm. The men who come to us are toilers. They are ready to work, and to work hard.

They are not well-clad when they come; they would not feel at home in your drawing-room. They have not

intellectual faces. They do not come as toys; they come as toilers.

We ought to remember, sirs, that our ancestors were Immigrants, even if they came over on the "Mayflower." One of our humorists made the estimate that the "Mayflower" was a ship twenty-seven miles long, seven miles wide, and three miles high, judging from the number of living descendants of those who came over in her when she made her famous crossing.

Your ancestors and mine did not arrive in silk hats and claw-hammer coats and patent leather pumps. They were plain, strong, fearless, honest men, who prayed to God, and read their Bibles hard, and went to church, and worked with their two hands for bread.

If the Immigrants that are coming to us are ignorant and rude, they are human. They are our brothers in Christ's dear Name, and we ought not to wound and pain them with ill and coarse titles. There are names that hurt,—names like "Dago," "Sheeny," "Nigger," "Greaser,"—names that soil the lips that speak them more than they soil the persons against whom they are directed.

Doctor E. R. Dille of San Francisco gave me a poem by Bishop McIntyre concerning this cruel nick-naming:

“Dago, and Sheeney, and Chink,
Greaser and Nigger and Jap,
The Devil invented these terms, I think,
To hurl at each hopeful chap
Who comes so far, over the foam,
To this land of his heart's desire,
To rear his brood, to build his home,
And to kindle his hearthstone fire.
While the eyes with joy are blurred,
Lo! we make the strong man sink,
And stab the soul with the hateful word,
Dago, and Sheeney, and Chink.

“Dago, and Sheeney, and Chink,
These are the vipers that swarm
Up from the edge of Perdition's brink
To hurt and dishearten and harm.
O shame! when their Roman forbears walked
Where the first of the Caesars trod
O shame! when their Hebrew fathers talked
With Moses, and he with God.
These swarthy sons of Japhet and Shem
Gave the goblet of Life's sweet drink
To the thirsty world, which now gives them
Dago, and Sheeney, and Chink.

“Dago, and Sheeney, and Chink,
Greaser, and Nigger and Jap,
From none of them doth Jehovah shrink,
He lifteth them all to His lap.
And the Christ, in His kingly grace,
When their sad, low sob He hears
Puts His tender embrace around our race
As He kisses away its tears.”

Are you interested in the Immigrant? Are you reading any of the recent books about the Immigrant, and about American popular government, and the controlling of the multitudes? They are illuminating books, and those

who read none of them are voluntarily leaving themselves in ignorance. I am glad our Women's Missionary Societies are studying Miss Laura G. Gould's "America God's Melting Pot." It is a good book and gives much wholesome information,—and the reading of it may sharpen their appetites to study some other books, not quite so interesting, but very much more accurate and informing, like President Lowell's "Public Opinion and Popular Government," a book that tells about the vital obstacles to popular government; or like Mr. Joseph B. Bishop's "The Panama Gateway," a real book by a real man who sees when he looks. Everybody who wants to know, ought to read Mr. Frederic J. Haskins' "The Immigrant," a great eye-opener; and Mr. Peter Robinson's "The New Immigration," a greater eye-opener; and Mr. Frank J. Warne's "The Immigrant Invasion," one of the greatest books on the subject that has appeared.

The women are studying the Immigration question; are you studying it—you—a man? Our Women's Missionary Societies meet once each month to study the great problems of world-civilization; are you studying them—you—a man? Is the woman finding out something about the world-riddles that the average man knows nothing

of? Would not it be well for the men to follow the women in their study of Missions?

O, how much the Church of Jesus owes to these devoted women! If you could suddenly take all of the Women's Missionary Societies out of the work, and cause all women to cease their Missionary efforts, I tell you Missionary enthusiasm would fall down as if it had been struck on the head with a mallet. The men in our Churches would move very slowly in Missions if the women did not keep them stirred up. Woman may make a nuisance of herself, sometimes, in some directions, but were it not for the women, half the men would not be half alive half the time.

There are women living now who give us the impression that Eve was not made from Adam's rib, but from Adam's back-bone. Many men seem to be minus a back-bone, but there is no obvious lack of it amongst the women.

I wish every woman in our Churches was a regular member of the Women's Missionary Society. If they could not always be present they could occasionally be present. Do not make an excuse when they invite you to become a member. We are told that the wife of a colored minister requested one of the ladies to join the Mission Band, but the lady excused herself by saying

she wouldn't join any kind of a "Band," because she had no ear for music and couldn't even play a mouth-organ.

It is not the mouth-organ that our noble Missionary women play on, as any one who will attend their meetings will speedily discover, and as any one who counts the moneys they contribute by sheer self-denial will acknowledge.

We cannot think of Missions without thinking of money. If there is a man who is opposed to Foreign Missions, who believes in keeping the money at Home and using it at Home, —that man is going to have the chance of his life to give to the Home-work amongst the Immigrants, right here in Los Angeles, in the next ten or twenty years.

Our great, rich Presbyterian Church in the whole United States is raising less than \$400,000 per year for work amongst the new Immigrants. We shall need that sum or a greater sum for the work on this Western Coast alone. Our city will be the neck of the bottle through which the alien will pass into this splendid Southland. Los Angeles will be one of the best places on earth from which to evangelize Europe. Some of the vexing and portentous problems are going to call for solution right here at this new Immigration Gateway. If you shrink from giving to Foreign Mission work, open your

hand wide and give generously to Home Mission work.

What are we going to do with the multitudes that are destined to gather on this Coast? I wish I could write the answer on the sky: "Be Christlike; love them; win them to faith in our Master!" That will save them and make good Americans of them, and nothing else will do it. Love to Jesus is the golden link that binds us to every man that breathes.

We shall have to come into physical contact with these strange peoples; we shall have to look in their faces; we shall have to love them into the kingdom of heaven. Mr. Booker Washington in his "Man Farthest Down," says: "It is very curious what a difference there is in the impression a man makes upon you if you stop and shake hands with him, instead of merely squinting at him critically in order to take a cold sociological inventory of his character and condition."

That is to say, the man looks like a man, like a brother man, when you touch his hand with your hand,—when you see in him a precious soul worth saving. The Commissioner of Immigration in New York a few months ago closed his Report with the words: "If the Church in America does not preach Christ to the Immigrant, the Church is passing by a great opportunity."

God is going to send these multitudes to us. We are going to look in their pleading faces. Are we getting ready to tell them the Old, Old Story, and to tell it gently and tenderly and lovingly? There is nothing that can reach and lift up and hold up these coming masses but the Gospel of Jesus the Christ.

Your new manners will confuse them; your strange language will make them a prey to the evil-minded; your money-changers will defraud them; your demagogues will unsettle them; your petty speculators will strip them to the bone.

You, and you, and I must carry this good Gospel to them; we must preach Christ to them, not only with our lips, but by our lives. We must touch them and love them and save them by being unto them as brother unto brother.



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OUR HOMELAND



WILLIAM H. FISHBURN

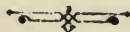
Our Homeland



W. H. Fishburn

By

Rev. William H. Fishburn, D. D.



A Sermon Delivered in
West Adams Presbyterian Church
Los Angeles, California
January, 1915

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Our Homeland

NUMBERS 13:27

"We came unto the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey."

On this Missionary Thanksgiving Sunday it is something to give thanks to God for that we are in the United States of America.

Under the Stars and Stripes there is tranquillity, there is repose, while under many of the national banners of Europe the earth shakes beneath the foot from explosions of guncotton and rhyolite and picric acid, and the long rolling thunder of siege guns.

In Europe, for the moment, the catechism is crushed into slime under cannon wheels; Krupp has pushed Christ out of the minds of men; bombshells make a bigger noise than Bibles; and the procession of civilization seems to be led by a powder cart.

Our public prints bring us from day to day messages of "mire, misery and murder." The religion of Jesus is thrust into the background. An English newspaper told us that in one large Episcopal Church in London the other day the organist played as a voluntary on the great organ, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," while the people applauded; and the populations of Paris, London, Petrograd, Vienna hear no hallelujahs of praise to God,—they hear instead the tramp, tramp, tramp of military legions and the martial music of trumpet and fife and drum.

And so we give thanks on this Missionary Sunday that we are in the United States of America and we give additional thanks that we are in California, where we receive the

daily benedictions of the sunshine, are saluted by the merry songs of mocking-birds, and are refreshed with the sweet scent of flowers.

"We came into the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey." Doubtless many of these Children of Israel were sorely disappointed when they came at last to the Promised Land. The rivers of Palestine did not flow white with milk and yellow with cream from bank to bank; they flowed with mud. The Israelites saw no golden honey dripping from the trees; they saw hostile spearmen and bowmen waiting behind the trees to contest with them every inch of the pathway into the Land of Promise.

Palestine was a Land of Potentialities, of potential rivers of milk and potential hives full of honey. After many years of sanguinary battling and strenuous toil the Hebrews planted rich meadows where the herds might graze and turn the grass into rivers of milk; they cultivated trees and fruits and blossoms, and out of these the bees extracted delicious honey. They found a land of potential milk and honey, and, by the sweat of their faces, they turned it into a land flowing with veritable milk and honey.

We who are students of Missions and Mission work send out many a thought and many a prayer for our distressed workers in the Foreign fields. We care for Missions and Mission workers everywhere. But today we are going to fix our thoughts upon Home Missions, upon Home Missions in California, upon Home Missions in our own Presbytery. We are deeply concerned in all Foreign affairs as well as in all Home affairs.

When we speak of American Missions, our

thoughts go up to that northern region where Alaskans are shivering under the Midnight Sun with the Stars and Stripes frozen to the flagstaff—and down to the burning tropic lands where our commerce rushes through the Panama Canal.

Now, you must not feel that our thinking is little thinking or contracted thinking when we shut ourselves up during this hour to a study of Mission work in California. California is not little nor contracted. It is Big.

If you could break some of the Eastern States loose from their moorings and bring them out here, you might bring the Empire State of New York and lay it down in California; and then lay the Keystone State of Pennsylvania alongside it; and they lay Ohio down, and then Massachusetts, and New Jersey and Connecticut and Rhode Island, all inside our borders, and you would then have 545 square miles of our Golden State remaining uncovered.

You might lay down inside of the lines of California the British Isles, England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland; and then go to Germany and bring hither the Rhine Province of Prussia which contains Essen and the Krupp works, and Dusseldorf, where Heinrich Heine and Peter von Cornelius were born, and Cologne with its Cathedral, and Treves with its cathedral, and Aix-la-Chapelle with its cathedral; and then bring the Kingdom of Saxony, and the Province of Alsace-Lorraine, and the Provinces of Bremen and Saxe-Weimar, and Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and Oldenburg, and Lubeck, and Waldeck, and yet leave some 10,000 square miles of California unoccupied.

Some of the European Kingdoms and Prin-

cipalities are so small that it is said they must get the consent of the neighboring Principality before trying out a new field piece, lest the missile discharged in this Principality should find lodgment in the Principality next door.

If you could pick up the State of California and carry it to the East and lay it down in its full length north and south across the Eastern States, it might cool its forehead in the icy waters of the Canadian Lakes, then stretch its ample body southward over Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Old Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Florida, and dip its feet in the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico. When we talk about California, we are talking about that which is Big.

When Cabrillo explored this coast in A. D. 1542, and when Sir Francis Drake explored it in A. D. 1578, they saw not what California was destined to become. All they saw was a great desert over which roamed wandering tribes of Indians. They saw no rivers of potential milk nor hives full of potential honey. But we who live in California now can lift thankful faces to God and say: "We came into the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey."

One single county in California last year produced 10,855,560 pounds of milk, butter and cheese. That was Humboldt County. Humboldt County floweth with milk.

The San Joaquin Valley produced in one year 11,532,000 pounds of honey. That valley drips with honey.

Last year we gathered in this State 116,913 carloads, ten tons to the carload, of fruits fresh, fruits dried, fruits canned. We shipped 18,085 carloads of oranges and lemons.: We

sent out 65,000 tons of raisins; 20,000 tons of dried peaches; and we added 45,000 tons of the humble prune to give zest to the Eastern breakfast table, and 169,258 tons of sugar to sweeten the coffee.

Of the 242 millions of barrels of petroleum produced in the United States last year, 98 millions of barrels gushed out of our California oil wells. We have 3,150,000 acres of irrigated land in our State, with sufficient water within reach to irrigate six millions of acres more. We have turned water-power into electric-power, and out of a possible nine million horse power we are now using nearly one million horse power. We cut in a single year 1,270,000,000 feet of lumber; and last year we dug out of our mines sufficient gold to coin one million \$20 gold pieces; 1,500,000 gallons of olive oil flowed from our trees during the past year; and 13,700 tons of almonds and walnuts were gathered from our orchards.

Now, when we turn our eyes away from the greater vision of the whole State of California and fix them on the smaller vision of Los Angeles Presbytery, our own Presbytery, we shall discover that we have not fixed them upon a little vision but upon a big vision. The Los Angeles Presbytery is Big; it is 17,172 square miles big. It covers Los Angeles County, and Orange, Imperial and San Diego Counties.

This Los Angeles Presbytery is bigger than all Switzerland; it is bigger than all Denmark; it is bigger than all Holland. It is nearly four times as big as the European Kingdom of Montenegro, which, not very many months ago, shook its little brown fist in the faces of all the Powers of Europe.

If you could re-shape our Presbytery so as to make it a perfect square, it would be a square of 131 miles to a side. And if you could turn European Turkey into a square Turkish rug and lay it down on Los Angeles Presbytery there would be an uncovered border all around the rug thirteen miles wide.

Or if you could transform the whole Kingdom of Belgium into a square Brussels carpet and lay it down on the land occupied by this Presbytery, it would require 5,500 square miles of additional carpet to complete the covering.

In this Presbytery of ours you could lay down the whole State of Maryland, and alongside Maryland you could lay the whole State of Delaware, and there would be room left in the Presbytery to locate the whole State of Rhode Island for a tennis court, and room in the opposite corner to install one of the larger of the Alaskan islands for an ice-house.

That is the part of the story of this Presbytery that shines—its Bigness. But when we look at the work Presbyterians are actually doing here, it does not shine with any marked degree of lustre.

There are 19,000 Presbyterian members in this Presbytery. Possibly there is an additional 19,000 unaffiliated Presbyterians, criminal Presbyterians, who refuse to assume their responsibilities as church members and bear their rightful share of church burdens. They are verily guilty before God.

It is well for us to praise that which is praiseworthy, but it is well also to call attention to that which is blameworthy.

Our home city grows, and we praise it. Los Angeles insists on growing in six directions, north, south, east, west, up and down,

at the same time. There is no more enthusiastic city on this continent. We are full of ardor so far as city building goes, so far as real estate development goes. I never knew a class of business men so endowed with verve and empressment as our real estate dealers.

We were informed some time ago that the new telescope to be erected on Mount Wilson will bring the moon within twenty-two miles of the earth. And when I read it I had my suspicions that if the moon ever comes within twenty-two miles of Los Angeles, our venturesome real estate dealers will cut it up into suburban building lots. The Padres discovered Los Angeles and then the promoters came along and put the discovery on a paying basis.

We are enthusiastic in real estate development; we are not slothful in business; but are we truly enthusiastic in work for our Lord? Are we on fire in this Presbytery with Missionary enthusiasm? The reading of the little pamphlet sent out a few weeks ago by the Church Extension Board of our Presbytery will not fill you with pride. It will make your face red with humiliation.

There are 38 Presbyterian Churches and Missions within the City of Los Angeles. That reads well. But when you are informed that some of these organized churches have no church buildings whatever, and that some of them are worshiping in inadequate temporary structures, it does not puff you up with vanity.

During the past two years, our Presbytery has organized 27 new churches. But there are places in Imperial Valley that are crying

out of real need for more commodious houses of worship; and there are not less than three conspicuous fields within our city that ought to be organized at once and put upon their feet, but that cannot be organized for lack of funds. Other religious denominations stand out of our way, waiting for us to take action, and for want of money we cannot take action. Los Angeles is a city of refinement and good taste, and we dare not erect a cheap and ill-conditioned structure in one of the fine residence sections and persuade the neighborhood to believe that it is a Presbyterian Church and get them to be proud of it and to go into raptures over it.

Our Missionary pastors are meagerly supplied. Very infrequently does a Missionary pastor in this Presbytery receive above \$1200 per year, and out of that sum he must find his own manse.

Within the bounds of our Presbytery there are a quarter of a million of unchurched, native American whites; there are 80,000 Mexicans; there are 15,000 Japanese; there are 35,000 Negroes; there are 12,000 Chinese. We are doing somewhat to carry on work amongst our Spanish people. We have five Spanish Missions. We employ five Mexican pastors, one Mexican evangelist, and one social settlement worker who gives instruction in sewing, housekeeping and American manners to the Mexican girls.

From the Home Mission boards outside Los Angeles we receive for our Spanish work \$6100 per year; and the Foreign Mission Board contributes largely to the Chinese work of the Presbytery. We have two Spanish Presbyterian Churches and one Spanish Presbyterian Mission in this city. We have one

Japanese Presbyterian Church which is self-supporting.

There are 54 fields within this Presbytery that are unable, of themselves, to support a pastor, and that need the financial help of the more favored churches.

Dr. Kirkes, our efficient Church Extension Superintendent, told me how ready the poor are to help themselves. The railroad laborers up in the mountain district of Saugus paid for a lot on which to erect a Sunday School building in order that their children might have religious instruction. And he told me of another district in which he found 74 families outside the reach of any church who were eager to have a Sunday School and were ready to give liberally out of their poor means to found such a school.

Our Los Angeles Presbytery is big. Are we who are members of the Presbytery as big as the Presbytery? I believe the women of our Missionary Societies are as big as the Presbytery, and I believe the men of our Presbyterian churches are a great deal littler than the Presbytery. The women study the Missionary situation and the men neglect it. The hearts of the women burn with Missionary zeal, while the hearts of the men freeze with Missionary indifference. Were the men as zealous as the women, were they as ready to give and did they give in the same proportion as the women, there would be no financial problem just now looking us point-blank in the face in this God-favored section.

It is largely ignorance that keeps the men from catching fire with the Missionary spirit. They do not know, and therefore they do not care.

"When they know they care;
When they care they pray;
When they pray they give."

It is lack of knowledge that locks up many a pocketbook.

Bite not your thumb at Missions, O you strong man, nor ignore them as something that is a woman's job and not a man's job. In this Presbytery it is a man's job, a big job for a big man, and when you come to know more about Missions you will know you know less that you used to think you knew when you knew you knew everything.

Some of you husbands know that your wife knows more about a great many things than you know. Some of you husbands know that your wife occasionally expresses a good opinion about something, and you keep quiet about it and pretend not to notice it, and a few days afterward you bring it out as your own.

St. Paul told the women of his period that when they wanted to know anything about religious matters, they should ask their husbands at home. Were St. Paul living now he would tell the husbands that when they wanted to know anything about religious matters, particularly about Missions, they should inquire of their wives.

Our Heavenly Father has given to Presbyterian believers in this Presbytery a huge opportunity, an opportunity too large to be told in words. The Presbyterian Church has always been a Missionary Church. Presbyterianism in the past has always stood for evangelization, for the churching of the unchurched, for the bringing into the Kingdom

of Christ those who have not yet heard the Word of God.

Presbyterianism means something; it stands for something. It stands for unswerving fidelity to the inspired Word, and for the promotion of the Truth. It stands for Mission work, aggressive Mission work in the Homeland and in Foreign lands.

Real Presbyterianism has iron in its blood and the fervor of a great conviction in its heart. Presbyterianism is Calvinism with its coat off and its sleeves rolled up to the elbow.

Calvinism was originally a fixed and static faith wrought out in a laboratory, fused in the fires of a pure devotion, refined in the crucible of serious thought, forged on the anvil of long reflection. That was the older Calvinism. But modern Presbyterianism has taken that same static Calvinism and has transformed it into a dynamic and operative faith, and it is ready, today, to meet the challenge of every stress and of every crisis.

Every once in a while you are informed that Calvinism is dead. I read a book last summer that was written to prove that Calvinism is dead and that it will never be heard from in the thinking world again.

Maybe some of you remember the fine old Irish tale called "Michael Monaghan's Wake," that you used to read in your childhood. Michael Monaghan was dead, and they appointed a "wake" to be held over him, and they gathered at the cabin, and the "wake was in full going" when Michael "came to." And he rose up and thrashed the undertaker and two of the chief mourners and upset the pedestals and threw the casket out of the window,—and they said of him afterwards that if he was dead "he was sure a lively

corpse." Michael refused to be dead.

And so, every now and then, some pedantic journalist proclaims that Calvinism is dead, that that system of theology that makes God the center of all things above the earth and in the earth and under the earth is dead—but when they gather to hold a "wake" over it, Calvinism refuses to be dead, and asserts itself and demonstrates its immortal virility by getting up and swinging its strong arms and going forth rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

Gone, perhaps, is the old Miltonian theology; gone, perhaps, is the red-hot whiplash of the old satan-haunted theology; but Calvinism is not gone.

Through Calvinism runs a golden string that cannot be broken nor stretched, that all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot rend asunder, and that golden string is God's Sovereignty and man's dependence upon God free grace. Since Adam walked through the morning dawn of history a hundred generations of meddling men have essayed to sunder that golden string, but it remains unbroken.

I believe I should not like to go back to the Puritan days with the inflexible Blue Laws. But one of your fine writers says: "Better a time when a man was forbidden to kiss his wife on the Lord's Day than a land without any Lord's Day; better a solemn face than a face blotched with vice."

When one looks out at the capricious religious hobbies that are asking for disciples to-day; when one hears the loud declarations of belief in what is called the Fatherhood of God, but which means, in many cases, the doting grandfatherhood of God; when one takes note of the assurance man is getting to

have in himself—in one of the recent whimsies he is told to say his prayers to himself, to get down on his knees and say his prayers to his subliminal self since there is no Eternal Person standing back of all things,—when one hears the philosophical monism of the time telling man that he is only a gas-filled bubble on the sea of existence, that death will prick the bubble and that he will sink back with the loss of all personality and of all consciousness into the great reservoir,—when one witnesses all of that irrational unheaval, when one hears all of that delirious raving, that religionistic dementia which comes to us disguised as profound learning, I think one could bear to feel the old whiplash of the old theology curling around his shoulders now and then to awaken him from his intellectual stupidity and to bring him back to his seven senses.

If ever Presbyterianism was needed it is needed now; and if in any place it is needed it is needed just here in California. And when we ask you to give money and to give thought and energy for the sending out of Presbyterian workers here in our own Homeland we are asking you to engage in a noble and excellent work.

God is giving to Presbyterianism her opportunity in the Southland just now. You know that, in our Scripture lesson, those poor Israelites turned back from the golden gateway and refused to go in. They wanted the fruit of the land, but they were afraid to face the giants. They got one glimpse of the good things of the land, and then they turned back.

Some one tells us that the reason the Indians did not develop California and make a great empire of it before the white man came was because they were lazy. "In winter they

sat on the east side of the wigwam and followed the sun around to the west, and in summer they sat on the west side and followed the shade around to the east."

They would not work. Of course, in addition to inborn idleness, the Indian had no vision of Christ. He did not know. But we have the vision. We know. And God is giving us in California our great chance. The milk and the honey are here if we will but put forth our hands and work.

"He is not worthy of the honeycomb

Who shuns the hive because the bees have stings."

And if Presbyterianism turns her back now upon the rich opportunity God is giving her in Southern California, He will take the work out of her hands and will give it unto other husbandmen.

I wish my own eyes were open wider than they are to the Mission needs and possibilities of this big Los Angeles Presbytery. I wish that a white light from God's Spirit might flame around me and give me a vision of what ought to be done in this Presbytery at this moment. There are 99 churches in the Presbytery, and, unhappily, there are 99 units, each unit endeavoring to look out for itself to the best of its ability and to permit the other 98 units to do the same. I am glad there are 99 churches, but there ought to be only One Unit and that unit ought to be the whole Presbytery. Every church ought to care about the growth and prosperity of all the other churches. If one member suffers we ought all to feel the hurt, and if one member rejoices we ought all to feel a thrill of joy.

A few years ago Dr. William L. Watkin-

son gave us a book with the title, "The Duty of Imperial Thinking," and in his book he quoted from a rare writer who said, "You never enjoy the world aright until the sea itself floweth in your veins; till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars, and perceive yourself to be the heir of the whole world." What I need and what you need and what every person in our Presbytery needs is a course of training along the line of "Imperial Thinking," thinking largely, thinking outside of ourselves, thinking outside our own local churches, thinking about the needs of the whole Church.

And, if I had the power to do it, I would call together the business men of this Presbytery, the men of the Official Boards of the churches, the men with brains and with the command of money, together with the pastors, and I would have some one who knows to tell them of the actual needs in our weak churches at this moment, and just what funds are imperatively necessary to meet those needs, to meet them on the head of the nail without flinching; and then I would have means devised to raise on the spot the necessary monies—not to talk about it—not to pass eloquent resolutions about it—but to do it—not to say, "I'll try," but "I will." Do you know that the most hopeless characters in existence are the ones who spend their lives saying "I'll try," while the men who make the world's wheels go round spend their lives saying "I will"?

It is about time for some of us to get down on our faces before God and to learn that it is not saying but doing that is going to save us and make us able to save other people.

Maybe it would be wise to hold such a

proposed meeting first in Los Angeles for Los Angeles alone, and after we have shown that the work can be done, after kindling the fires here on our own altars, the conflagration might spread to every altar in the Homeland.

We dare not be narrow. We dare not say, "So long as I have bread for myself I care not who starves." We must be big. We must be broad. We must get a large horizon. We are not to look at the vision through little narrow slits of eyes; we are to look at what God is offering to us through wide open eyes.

Some one told me that in a window in one of our downtown stores is displayed this sign: "All things come to him who can't wait." We used to say, "All things come to him who waits"; but nowadays we are learning that they come a great deal faster when we get up and go after them.

If it were possible to turn this vast opportunity over to the Women's Missionary Societies I am sure they would try to seize it. If they had the same financial power the men have, it would be planned for and accomplished before the next seven days pass away. The women have the willingness without the financial ability; the men have the financial ability without the willingness. And I pray for the hour to strike, and it is going to strike, when the willingness and the financial ability shall be vested in the same individual.

You and I are living in "a land that floweth with milk and honey," and our privileges in this most blessed land under the blue sky of heaven ought to fill us with gratitude, and our hands ought to be open wide when the Mission offering is taken at the close of this service.

Dr. Herrick Johnson used to preach to his people from the text: "God loveth a hilarious giver," and he was warranted in using the word "hilarious," for that is the word for "cheerful" in the original tongue. Maybe we are not to give because we enjoy it, but until we enjoy it. A pious old German used to say: "Ven I gif villingly it enchoys me so much that I gif again."

The rich man with "much goods laid up for many years" in Jesus' parable was not censured for having much riches. That is no sin. His sin was in saying, "I have enough for myself, and it's no difference about anybody else." He was not condemned because he was rich, but because he was mean.

Be not mean. Give gifts out of a thankful heart, and God will receive them and bless them, be they small or large. My friend, Mr. R. L. James of San Francisco, gave me these lines:

"'Tis not by weight of jewels or plate,
Or the fondle of silk and fur,
'Tis the spirit in which the gift is rich,
As the gifts of the wise men were;
And we are not told whose gift was gold,
Or whose was the gift of myrrh."

We are pioneers. Generations a thousand years from now will look back at us and speak of us as pioneers. It is worth while to be doing work for our Lord Jesus in California just now. We are laying the foundations for innumerable temples, and foundation-work is hard work.

Those Missionary ministers in the little, inconspicuous churches, those men living in severe economy, are at work on the foundation

stones of structures greater than they know or dream. They are pioneer churchmen. California is in its formative stage. We are planting and tilling the fields in order that the people who come after us may see the rivers of milk flowing past, and may feast on the fountains of honey.

Los Angeles has not yet entered upon its era of church building. We have three or four banks in this city that are as splendid as Buckingham Palace; but we have not yet begun the erection of majestic churches which are worth going out of one's way just to look at. Perhaps it is because there are so many little and needy churches that are asking for help. But the era of church building will come. The future is secure if we put our hand in God's hand and go forward with the sunlight of hope on our faces. And, if we have God's grace to help us,

"We men of earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise. We have enough!
We need no other thing to build
The stairs into the unfulfilled,—
No other ivory for the doors,
No other marble for the floors,
No other cedar for the beam
And dome of man's immortal dream.

"Here on the paths of every day,
Here on the common human way,
Is all the busy gods would take
To build a Heaven; to mould and make
New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime
To build Eternity in time."

PEACE



WILLIAM H. FISHBURN

Peace

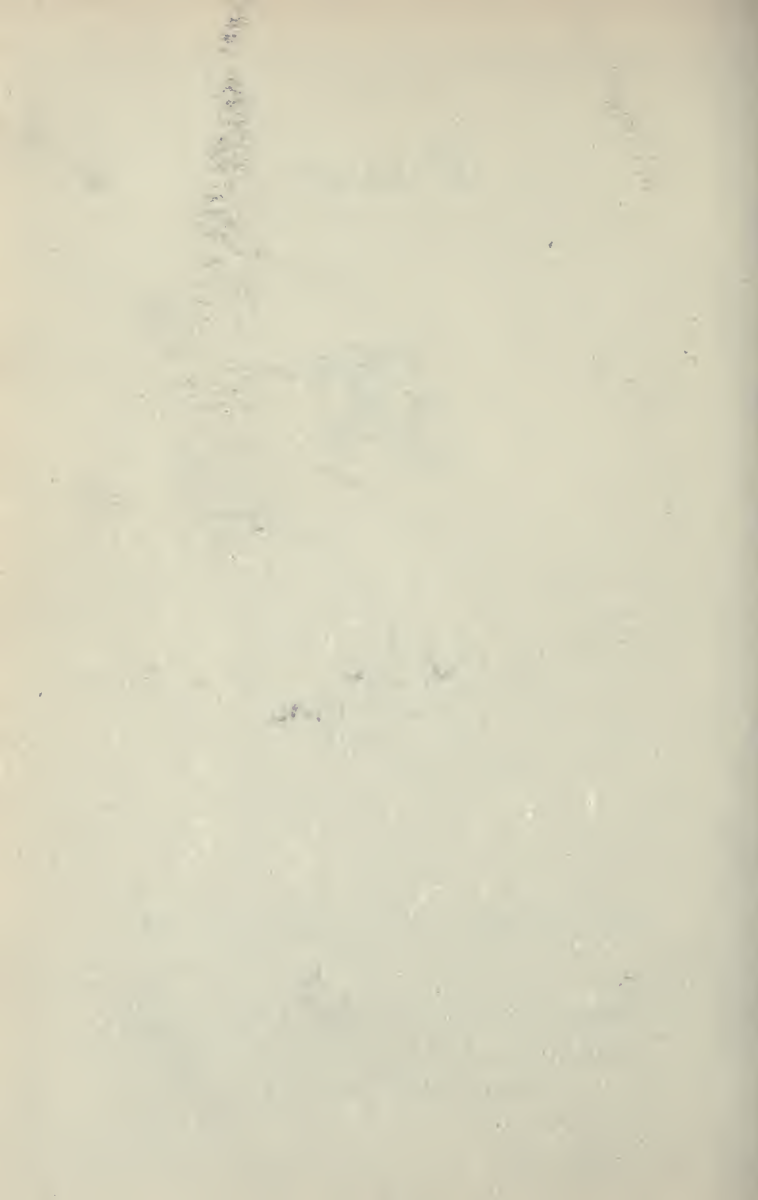


A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "W. H. Fishburn", with a large, sweeping flourish above it and a smaller flourish below it.

By

Rev. William H. Fishburn, D. D.

A Sermon delivered in West Adams Presby-
terian Church, Los Angeles, California
September 27, 1914



Peace



Matthew, 2:3. "When Herod the King had heard these things, he was troubled."

If you will look in your history-book you will find it there set down that Herod died some nineteen hundred years ago.

That is a mistake. Herod is not dead. He is living at this hour, his face wet with the same fright-sweat, his soul convulsed with the same delirium of terror that shook him so many long centuries ago.

He is not one man but ten men, twenty men, fifty men. He has multiplied and spread himself abroad with the passing of the years. He holds all the Eastern Hemisphere in his red and dripping hand.

He is in Russia, he is in Austria, he is in Germany, he is in France, he is in England—but everywhere he is the same Herod of the Iron Face and the heart that knows no pity.

This Herod in our Scripture-lesson was a menace to the well-being of his time because he was a man of power entirely in love with himself. He thought of no one but himself. When he heard of the Babe that had been born in Bethlehem he felt his throne tottering and his scepter slipping away. He feared that Power was going to be taken out of his hands and given into other hands.

"Herod was troubled," etarachthe, upset, turned over, thrown about as the water in the sea is thrown about, tossed up and down; "Herod was troubled."

God touched Herod's black soul with His white finger, and "Herod was troubled." He

was troubled because he could not read the signs of the times. He could guess at what those signs portended, but he would not submit to God. He would outwit God. He would not bow his neck to destiny.

He said to his men of war: "A Baby was born in Bethlehem the other day—go quickly to Bethlehem and kill every boy baby in that little country village." The soldiers went to Bethlehem and did as they were instructed. They destroyed the babes. But God's hand was guarding the life of that One Babe, and, before the soldiers reached Bethlehem the Babe of Destiny had been carried away into safety.

Herod did not win in his fight against God—Herod was vanquished. That Babe grew up. God took care that He should grow up. When He reached full manhood they slew Him on a cross. But it was impossible utterly to kill the Prince of Life. They slew Him, but He rose from the dead. He lives today. He walks in the world today as the Prince of Peace; and wherever Herod opens his eyes today and sees Jesus standing before him clothed in white raiment, Herod is troubled.

Not only was the Herod in our Scripture-lesson troubled, but, it is written, "all Jerusalem was troubled." The High Priest was troubled; the Ruler of the Sanhedrin was troubled; the ministering Priests were troubled; the singing Levites were troubled; every ecclesiastical dignitary was troubled; every titled aristocrat was troubled. "All Jerusalem was troubled."

All Europe is troubled just now. All the civilized world is troubled. When we open our newspapers we are troubled. Morning, noon and night you feel the thought of this European War beating in your brain like a hammer. Sometimes it seems to you as if the whole universe were sliding and falling into chaos before your eyes.

That is happening in Europe at this moment the like of which the sun and the moon have not before looked down upon in all human time!

Within the zone of European conflict it is not alone the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Germany and the President of France and the King of England and the Emperor of Austria and the Ruler of Servia who are troubled. Princes and nobles and grand dukes and arch-dukes are troubled too. They apprehend that the Clock of History is about to strike Twelve for them and for their cherished traditions, and that a new day is about to dawn upon the world. They foresee the end of Despotism, the end of Militarism, the end of hereditary Monarchy, the end of titled aristocracy. They see the world in pangs over the birth of a new Order of Government wherein royalty will be abolished, wherein "blue" blood will cease to receive high praise, wherein the good "red" blood that works and thinks and feels will come into its own and will be the only blood that will get any honor in the earth.

When we turn our faces towards Europe we are troubled. When we see millions of angered men facing each other with war-weapons in their hands, when we see "the

standards of the people plunging through the thunderstorm," we are troubled; when we see the black vultures swooping down out of the sky "like feathered thunder," we are troubled. And we cannot help asking, How is it going to end? What is going to be the outcome of it all?

My people, the outcome of it will be for the world's good. Do not let one doubt about that arise in your hearts. God's hand is back of it all. You will miss all the meaning of this tumult if you permit yourself to believe that the destinies of the world are committed to the hands of Czars and Emperors and fighting men. God is guiding all events, just as He guided events in Herod's time; and the end of it and the outcome of it will be salutary to all our race.

This War burst suddenly upon the world. None of us were looking for it. When I went away for my vacation two months ago the Dove of Peace seemed to be hovering over Europe. And then, on July 28th, Austria declared war against Serbia. Europe drew one long breath, and by August 7th Russia, France, Belgium and England were in actual war with Germany. And now, five or six of the great world-powers are joined in the terrible carnage.

Our public prints have told us that the insane fury of a schoolboy of eighteen in an obscure town in Bosnia, on June 28th, by the assassination of a man of noble birth, stirred up the anger of Austria; Austria lifted up her mailed hand against Serbia and awakened the rage of Russia; Russia began to move, and

Germany was aroused; Germany stirred up the wrath of France. And then, over the passage through Belgium arose the anger of England. And thus all Europe is red with the flame of war.

In our Scripture-lesson Herod appealed to the ministers of religion. He went to the chief priests and scribes. He wanted to have his conscience quieted in what he was about to do. He knew what he was about to do. He knew that he was going to do wrong, and he wanted some one else besides himself upon whom he could lay the blame.

Doubtless you have seen it announced that almost every one of the Powers engaged in this European struggle has appointed a Day of Prayer wherein victory for its own arms will be asked for in petitions to the God of heaven, while the destruction of all opposing arms will be entreated for.

I can imagine a prayer-meeting down in the "Bad Place" wherein the tortured souls might petition to be let out; but I cannot imagine a prayer, even from the lips of lost souls, wherein it should be set forth that while they wanted to get out they wanted others to be cast in.

Herod, we have said, wanted to lay the blame for his sins upon somebody else; and it seems that every one of these warring governments is trying to prove that one or other of the other governments started this war. Each warring party, as the New York Times points out, proves to its own satisfaction that it is the injured party, the victim of aggres-

sion by another, that it desires peace above all, but is unwillingly forced to self-defence.

"Germany proves to herself that she longs for peace, but that 'Russia's mobilization is an act which she could not ignore'; Russia longs for peace, but finds Germany's mobilizing and 'delaying the official notice of her mobilization,' so that 'to hesitate longer would have been to court disaster'; France longs for peace, but finds Germany's demands couched 'in terms so harsh as to merit the recall of the French ambassador.'"

Who is to blame for this war? Who is the protagonist? The New York Herald tells us that the Kaiser, up to the very last moment, "almost went down on his knees to Russia" to induce her to desist from mobilization.

According to several statements, French aviators and cavalry patrols along the border were the first to break the peace.

Who is to blame for this war? May we not say that Preparedness for War is to blame for it? Is not the fact that the destinies of vast empires are left in the hands of the Herods, men of power and pride and heartlessness, to blame for it? And will not it be better for humankind when Christian Democracy arrives, and power is wrested from the hands of the few and is given into the hands of the many?

We have been telling each other for a good many years that huge preparations for war were a guarantee of peace. Special pleaders in our National House of Representatives at Washington have asseverated that the only

way to preserve peace was to get ready for war.

Have you considered what that means? It means that we are loudly declaring to all the rest of the world, "We are ready for you! We are better armed than you are. If you construct a six-inch gun we will construct a seven-inch gun; if you mount twelve-inch guns on your battleships we will mount fourteen-inch guns on ours; if you build a destroyer to steam thirty knots an hour we will build one to go thirty-five knots an hour."

May it not turn out that there shall be found a better way to keep the peace? May not disarmament, leaving a sufficient policing power on land and on the high seas, turn out to be a better way to keep the peace than the way that is now the fashion? Has not disarmament, at least in a few cases, proven to be a better safeguard than prodigious armament?

Several of our military strategists have pointed us to that line that stretches over America from the Atlantic to the Pacific marking the boundary between the United States and Canada, a line more than three thousand miles long, a line that is not guarded by forts nor by standing armies nor by disappearing guns, and have informed us that across that unprotected line not one hostile shot has been fired in one hundred years.

Preparation for Peace begets Peace, but preparation for War begets War. For nearly two-score years six millions of men in Europe have been waiting with muskets in their hands and with knapsacks packed, to rush to war on the

first click of the telegraph. And the telegraph clicked! And the garments of Europe are rolled in blood.

Europe is said to have, at this moment, fourteen millions of men under arms at a cost of sixty millions in money for every twelve hours of daylight. To this may be added sixty millions more in blood and sweat and horror and sorrow and tears—one hundred and twenty millions in every seven hundred and twenty hours of daylight—enough in every sixty seconds to build a great institution for Charity or to erect a noble Church to the worship of God—all flung away as if it were cast into the fire.

Wars do not start of themselves. There are men who make fortunes out of war, manufacturers of the cutlery of war, of the machinery of war. There are professional agitator's who forever cry out for war, but, when war comes, they run the other way at such a speed that a bullet could hardly overtake them.

War in the abstract may be poetical, but war in the concrete is what General Sherman is said to have called it. A young man in one of your magazine stories says: "When I look at my grandfather's sword it makes me hot, and I feel that I want to go to war; but when I look at my grandfather's wooden leg it cools me down."

We need to be reminded that this war in Europe is being fought by boys. Our own great Civil War was fought by boys. The enlistment rolls show two million six hundred thousand enlistments, of whom only some

sixty thousand were above twenty-one years of age. More than two and a quarter million of boys fought in our Civil War.

And when you would picture to yourself this carnage in Europe you must not think of well-seasoned men of mature years with grey hair—you must think of boys, college boys, school boys—beautiful German boys, noble English boys, handsome Austrian boys, up-standing Scottish and Irish boys, strong-framed Russian boys, undersized French boys—boys with forty years of life expectancy before them, boys with the boys' hopes in their hearts and the boys' faraway look in their dear young eyes—marching, marching, marching to their grapple with death.

In the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte there fell three million and seventy thousand soldiers, and two millions four hundred thousand of them were boys, boys that ought to have been at school or in the shelter of their homes, instead of lying dead with their young faces turned to the sky.

Europe got ready for war and she has inherited war. Here are some figures that must be taken with reserve, as they are gathered from an unofficial source and may be unauthentic. "In France, before this outbreak, the government was expending \$5.12 on her army for every 61 cents she was expending on her schools. England paid \$5.81 for war while she paid 77 cents for education. Germany paid \$4.12 for war for every 82 cents she paid for education. Russia expended \$2.81 on her military preparations for every 3 cents she expended on her schools." Those nations were

not getting ready for peace; they were getting ready for war—and war came.

"Herod was troubled." Why was he troubled? Because he knew that he was not right before God. Because he knew that his own past life had been a long iniquity. Because he felt that a Greater than he was coming to take his throne from him and to displace him.

The imperial men of Europe are troubled. They are afraid. They are afraid of each other; they are afraid of their own people; they are afraid of themselves; they are afraid with an awful fear of tomorrow and what tomorrow may bring forth. They see a portentous destiny written in the stars. Every crowned head in Europe sleeps at night on a pillow stuffed with thorns, and nightmares gallop through their slumbers.

In the sixteenth verse of our lesson-chapter you read of Herod's rage. The wise men mocked him. They did not return to tell him what they had discovered. "And when Herod saw that he was mocked of the wise men, he was exceeding wroth." And he put out his hand to turn aside the manifest purposes of God. He would not have God to upset his (Herod's) plans. He would beat God down. He presumed to lay his impotent finger on the spoke of God's great wheel. And the wheel broke him!

The king cannot always have his way, and it is well he cannot. Suppose that Herod could have had his way, the Child Jesus would have been slain in His babyhood, and there would not be one ray of sunshine today playing over human history.

The Herods of Europe have decreed war, but with God belong the issues of battle. The kings cannot say what the end shall be. God will determine what the end shall be.

We in the United States have done with hereditary kings. We have learned that we dare to trust one another. Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, the British essayist, said yesterday in one of our newspapers: "Americans are not entitled to an opinion on the European war because Americans do not understand the peoples of Europe."

We do understand them, sirs. We have them right here amongst us. We have "gathered the chosen of our seed from the hunted of every crown and creed."

Every people in Europe is represented in America. They live side by side in harmony and brotherly kindness. They are next door neighbors on our country farms and in our towns and villages and in our congested cities.

They do not fight each other; they do not hate each other. They share their mutual joys and their mutual sorrows. Wherever the Stars and Stripes blows on the free wind over their heads they are like brothers. They have learned to trust each other and not to watch each other and to fear each other. And it is because we have seen it with our own eyes, men and women out of every kindred and nation and tongue and people dwelling together like brothers and sisters under one flag, without any king over them, or any titled aristocracy to wrong them and embitter them, that we feel that we are capable of giving sane and

wise counsel to the battling factions of Europe.

We do understand these beloved peoples. We understand them better than Mr. Chesterton understands them, better than any crowned monarch in Europe understands them, because we have seen them tried in the fire, we have tested them, and we know that it is true that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men that dwell on all the face of the earth," and He made them not to suspect one another as Herod would teach them to do, but to love one another, to help one another, and to dwell together in unity.

We Americans say it, that no empire that is propped up by bayonets and inflated by cannon-smoke can permanently survive; and any Goliath that struts out in armor-plate and boasts of death-dealing engines and guncotton and lyddite shells, will be met some day by the flat stone out of the sling of the peasant boy, and will go down to ignominious death.

It was left to a mere handful of men in Europe to say that this war should be fought. Were not the hundreds of thousand of boys who were to be slaughtered in this tragedy entitled to say something as to whether this war should be or should not be? Ought not the right to speak be given to the men who are to be doomed to die? For ages upon ages the crowned despots have played with the lives of men with the same coolness and poise that gamesters exhibit when playing with the inanimate figures on a chessboard.

May not we hope that Imperialism is going

now to be destroyed? That Kaisers and Czars and Emperors are going to be abolished? That military oligarchies are going to disappear? Is not the doom of autocratic government even now sounding? Has not militarism survived too long? Have not the plain people of Europe been kept out of their own too long?

You and I, sirs, who are standing here, may see the going out of the last crowned head in the world before we taste of death!

There are journalists who assume to be able to tell us how this war is going to end. There are bold interpreters of the signs of the times who assure us that this will be the last war that ever will shake the world.

How do they know? Have not the wise books been telling us for many years that there never could be and there never would be a great war again? When I read a book fifteen years ago by a Polish banker, Mr. Bloch, "Is War Now Impossible," in which he showed by mathematics that no great war could ever again be fought, I believed him. When I read Count Tolstoi's books ten years ago on the dying out of the war spirit, I believed him. When I read Mr. Norman Angell's book, "The Great Illusion," four years ago, assuring us that the last great war had probably been fought, I believed him. When I read Wilhelm Lamszus's blood red book one year ago, "The Human Slaughter-House," a book that is sickening with the smell of iodoform and the odor of blood, and that shows that war is illogical and inhuman, I shuddered and acquiesced. When I read President Jordan's book last fall, "The Unseen Empire," I

endorsed every line of it. I believed in the soul of my soul that war was an anachronism, that war was over and done with. And then this war came and my faith in the logic of books was unsettled.

How do you know that this war that is raging now is going to be the final war? And how do you know in advance how it is going to end?

There are many whose sympathies for one side or the other in this conflict are very marked. There are many who believe they know which side they wish to win. I do not know where my own sympathies are; and I do not know which army ought to win.

We are told on the one hand that if the Germans win we shall have all Europe submerged under a great military despotism; while if the allies win there will be a Cossack Europe with the Czar of all the Russias as the dominant man in European civilization. Mr. Begbie in a conversation with Mr. Angell thus pictures the war's progress: "Russia will call a million sixteenth century peasants from the fields, and Germany will mow them down. Another million takes their place. Death again. Another million. And yet another million of these sixteenth century peasants. And when it is all over those who are left will go back to their fields Happy the Russian peasant who will go back to his sixteenth century and his field, telling the time by the sun's shadow."

My sympathies are everywhere. I have no hate for the sixteenth century Russian peasant-boy, the low-browed, uninstructed lad, patient,

ox-like. He is my brother. I have no hate for the French boy, who is fighting in the trenches in water to his waist. He is my brother. I have no hate for the valiant English boy, who faces the guns that are spurting death. He is my brother. I have no hate for the German boy who believes in his soul that he is turning back destruction from his beloved Fatherland. He is my brother. The horror of it is that they are brothers who are struggling, and the Father is looking on!

And the Father cares how it turns out. He is more concerned than you are. He cares more for how it will end than you do. They are His Children who are locked in the death-grapple.

Hope as you please; give your sympathies to which armed host you please, the God who is looking on will decide the issues and His decision will be just. The end of it may be something that no living man can forecast. The guess of the man in the street is as likely to be right as the guess of the man in the pulpit. But of this be assured, my people, God is looking on, and God will decide what the end shall be.

The real Conquerors at last will be those who are most skilled, not in the arts of War but in the arts of Peace.

A few years ago I saw in Philadelphia a great painting and large, in which the artist had attempted to portray the Glory of War. The title of the painting was "The Conquerors."

In the foreground War-Generals were coming towards you, some on horses, some in bat-

tle-chariots, and you could almost hear the rumbling of rolling wheels and the champing of iron bits. The characters in the picture were unnamed, but you looked not long until their names dawned upon you.

There in the front rank, I said to myself, were Alexander of Macedon, Julius Caesar of Rome, Hannibal of Carthage, Cyrus of Persia, Semiramis of Nineveh, Attila of Hungary, Wellington of England, Bonaparte of France.

Standing there and looking long at the vast procession coming towards me rank on rank I thought I could see Leonidas with set teeth; Charlemagne with his long scowl; Philip the Second with foam on his lip; William the Conqueror in brazen helmet; Genghis Khan with scarlet sword.

On either side of the riders, prone on the ground, as far back as the eye could penetrate, I saw the long swaths of the dead piled in heaps, with the chariot wheels rolling over them. Above the dead hovered a brooding cloud; above the mounted Generals danced an aurora of golden fire.

Those were the Conquerors. They were masters of the art of destruction, and that made them great.

I thought while I stood there, and I have often thought since, of another picture that might be painted of the Conquerors. But in my imaginary picture my Conquerors were Helpers of men, not slayers of men.

Here I placed Faust and Guttenberg with their little printing press; Watt and Stevenson with their rude locomotive, Galileo with his

telescope, Humphrey Davy with his safety-lamp.

Here I placed Howe with his sewing machine, Morse with his telegraph instrument, Franklin with his kite, Field with his submarine cable, Whitney with his cotton gin.

Here were Edison and Tesla and Marconi pouring out blessings of invention. Here were Pasteur and Koch and Kelvin and Ehrlich and Metchnikoff and Roentgen and Morton and Lister with their hands full of healing for their kind.

To myself I called that a fairer picture of the Conquerors, for these men were Builders, and all around them was the music of Commerce and of the Arts of Peace.

And then I dared to think of a third picture of the Conquerors, and this was the picture. In the center of it stood the shining cross of One who had been crucified, and beside it stood the Christ. Near to Him stood James and John, Peter and Paul, Stephen and Philip—men who counted not their life dear unto themselves.

Here were the blessed martyrs, a host I could not count, with eyes turned heavenward and ecstasy upon their faces. Here were the Reformers, stalwart men who spoke out when it was perilous to speak out, Huss and Cranmer, Savonarola and Luther, Zwinglius and Knox, Wyclif and Jerome. Here were Missionaries, men who had looked in the faces of wild men—Saint Patrick and Saint Augustine; Carey and Livingstone; Adoniram Judson and Chinese Gordon; Hudson Taylor and Father

Damien—men who went up to victory out of great tribulation.

That was my last picture of the Conquerors, and all around them stood an innumerable company with songs on their lips and faces that gazed into a blessed hereafter on the other side of the stars.

This Gospel of Jesus is destined to be the Conqueror. The Gospel of Hate will continue to stamp its hard hoof on our planet until the Gospel of Christ shall have subdued and mastered human anger and shall have made of it an obsolete thing. War will not totally disappear until the Strong Son of God shall reign supreme in every human heart.

God the All-Merciful! Earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy Word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken!
Give to us Peace in our time, O Lord!

God the All-Righteous One! Man hath defied
Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy Word!
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside
Thee,
Give to us Peace in our time, O Lord!

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A Sermon Delivered in West Adams Presbyterian
Church, Los Angeles, California,
April 28, 1918

Red Blood Is Red

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Red Blood Is Red

Matt. 17:20, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence! And it shall remove."

As some persons interpret these words of Jesus, they must seem like the veriest undiluted nonsense. "Ye shall say unto this mountain, 'Remove hence!' and it shall remove."

Walk to your door and command Mt. Lowe to remove. Charge Mt. Wilson to vanish. Order the Sierra Madre range to disappear. Will they go? They will not!

The kind of Faith that would look calmly out of its door and issue orders to the mountains would never make them go, but the Faith that makes plans and prepares blue-prints and uses spades and pick-axes and blasting powder will remove mountains.

Our Lord is not thinking about mountains of clay and rock and gravel. Anybody with the tools of labor can remove that sort of mountain. He is thinking about mountains of evil; mountains of obstruction that get in the path of every forward-looking person; mountains of difficulty; mountains of tragedy that strike through human lives, and the like,—they are the mountains that can be moved out of the way by nothing but a giant faith, a masterful, red-blooded faith, a faith that believes in God and translates its belief into work.

Jesus is not calling attention to the little-

ness of the mustard seed; He is calling attention to the immense power that resides in it in spite of its littleness. He does not say, "If ye have faith as a grain of sand," or "If ye have faith as a grain of dust." They are lifeless. The mustard seed is alive.

Maybe, if we had a microscope of greater magnifying power, we might look into that little speck of a thing called a mustard seed and see a living pulse beating in the very center of it. Every molecule, every atom within this tiny shell works, works mightily, works harmoniously. Somewhere within it is life, potent, unconquerable life, life that will burst through this husk and multiply itself a thousand-fold.

The mustard seed is a little vegetable dynamo, packed from center to circumference with power. And faith, the kind of faith that our Lord says can remove mountains, turns a man into a human dynamo.

Mountains to be removed by Faith,—there is a chain of mountains stretching across Europe and half way across Asiatic Russia,—mountains of imperialism, mountains of tyranny, mountains of oppression, mountains of brutality,—and all of them are going to be made level with the ground in your time and mine, and they are going to be leveled by Faith. But it is the kind of faith that resides in the mustard seed, living faith, vital faith,—faith of the kind that builds ships, and airplanes, and cannon, and machine guns, and rifles,—that forges swords and bayonets,—that sends forth man-power,—faith that is going to win because it believes and lives its faith in its life.

Some of you have a wrong mental picture of faith. You think of it as a quiet man sit-

ting in a cushioned chair and getting things done because he hopes and expects and waits. That is not faith. That is religious laziness. Faith is a man clad in war-harness, squared jaw, head down, teeth set, going over the top with fixed bayonet,—fighting for the rights of man,—ready to give his blood for the rights of man. That is faith. That is the faith that removes mountains.

A great many of our artists have confounded faith with trust. They portray faith as tranquility. Faith is not tranquility; it is trust that is tranquility. You have seen that fine engraving of a little child kneeling beside a crib, uplifted eyes, folded hands, a beam of morning sunshine illuminating the sweet face,—and the picture is called "Faith." That is not faith; it is trust.

A picture of real faith is Jacob, there in the dark by the brook Jabbok, wrestling through the long night with a mighty angel, wrestling until his thews and sinews snap and his bones are out of joint. A picture of real faith is the strong Christ bowed there in the Garden of Gethsemane, bowed all along upon the ground, praying, praying, praying to the Father until His sweat is like great drops of blood falling down to the ground.

Faith and Trust must not be confounded. Faith is no more like Trust than nitroglycerin is like oil of roses; than a naked sword is like an olive branch; than an eagle is like a dove. Faith is alive. Faith without works is dead. So is a clock. So is a watch. A clock or a watch without works is dead. Faith without works is dead. Faith, the kind of faith that our Lord Jesus taught earnest men to have, is the thing that makes all other things go.

We Americans are a people at war. We are facing the mountains of Kaiserism which is Prussianism which is diabolism,—and commanding it in God's name to go,—to be cast into the midst of the sea. But it is not going to go because we talk to it or write letters to it or issue order to it, but only because we smite it and pierce it and stab it and wound it with a sword that drips blood at every stroke and every thrust.

The Sword of Faith is a red sword. It is a sword that draws blood. "Without shedding of blood," says this Book, "there is no remission." Everything we win we win with the precious coin of blood drops. The only money that has purchased our progress, our civilization, our growth upward and God-ward, is the red money that comes out of the veins of living men. Faith means the shedding of blood. To convince yourself of that, read the Faith Chapter, the 11th of Hebrews, and see how that chapter runs red with the blood of heroes,—men and women,—whose deeds God has put on the tablets of everlasting remembrance.

Faith does not mean just "standing fast;" it means doing things. To stand fast in one place is not enough. You must be "carrying on." The boy Casabianca stood, "stood fast" on the burning deck, and then there was a loud noise and "the boy, Oh, where was he?"

Our Lord Jesus did not just stand fast. He moved. He went into peril. He faced angry men. He spoke the truth to men's faces in words that stung like a whiplash of fire.

I wish from the heart of me that no artist had ever attempted to paint a picture of Jesus. Jesus was not like the gentle and velvety pic-

tures represent Him to have been. He was a majestic Man. He made sacrifices. He was ready to die for what He believed. He did die for what He believed.

Sirs, you must not imagine that Jesus went tip-toeing through the world softly and gently lest He wake somebody up. He woke everybody up. He was the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. He was the strongest figure that ever walked through human history. His masterful presence drove bargaining Jews out of the temple and with His strong hand He overturned their money-tables and scattered their treasured coins on the marble floor. His uplifted hand turned back the mob on the night of the betrayal and they fell before Him with their lips in the dust. Jesus is strong! He is the Man! He is mighty! He is the Master! He is the center of our Faith. Looking at Him, imitating Him, we become possessed of the faith that removes mountains.

Walk beside Jesus and He will not take you through the easy places, He will lead you through the hard places, through the dangerous places, through the places of pain and sadness, through the places of storm and battle,—He went through all of them Himself,—but He will be beside you all the time, the Strong Son of God, to shield you and to lead you safe through into the Great Light!

You cannot remove mountains by sitting in your parlor in a rocking chair and trying to think them out of existence. You cannot say a form of words over them like the prestidigitators do: "Exi! Exi! hocus pocus! Abacadabra!" and expect them to go. Jesus never taught that the kind of faith that would remove mountains was of the type that would

make you cozy and comfortable. He taught that His kind of faith would lead you into life's hard battles, but it would give you joy, the joy of conquest, the joy of final victory.

We have a hymn that says:

"Must I be carried to the skies

On flowery beds of ease,

While others fought to win the prize,

And sailed through bloody seas?"

There are those who sing that hymn as though they scorned all thought of ease, and then, immediately after, close the hymn book and go out and live the sort of life that proves that they want to get to heaven in the easiest way, without any toil or any blood or any sacrifice.

They will tell you that they feel safe; that they have so much faith in God that they are sure everything is going to come out all right; and that the mountain of Kaiserism is going to be removed; and that you mustn't worry about it; and that everything is going to be just perfectly lovely.

To feel safe in the hours through which we are now passing is not a display of faith in God; it is a display of foolhardiness; it is a display of credulity. We have been safe up to this moment from the direct attacks of the Huns not on account of our foolhardy faith, but on account of Great Britain's wall of steel battleships. And those who feel safe just now are dreaming a fool's dream; are living in an idiot's paradise.

Doubtless some of these persons are pious; but the presence of piety in a heart does not prove that one has good common sense. I have known persons who seemed to me to be

as righteous as Abraham, who did not possess the brains of a rabbit.

The opposite of faith is not doubt. Doubt is a passive thing. The opposite of faith is unbelief. Unbelief is an active thing.

If you have lived through the past four years without any doubts, without walking out at night under the stars and having your mind torn and rent with doubt, without being stunned and dizzy now and then with doubt,—it is not a sign that you have strong faith, it is a sign that you do not possess a reasoning sense. But real faith, the faith that is able to remove mountains, seizes the doubts and fights them and overcomes them and looks past them to God, and then goes on battling and believing in spite of the doubts.

Keep it in your minds, sirs, that faith is not a virtue of the pacifist, of the slacker. Faith does not make the pacifist and the slacker what they are. The lack of a spinal column makes them what they are.

An enterprising butcher had an advertisement in your paper yesterday, "Backbones, 17 cents." His store ought to have been crowded to the walls by the pacifists and the slackers.

People with pink tea in their veins, people who are afraid to fight and then blame it on their religion, people with thin, watery blood, must not think of themselves as red-blood people.

Real red blood is red, it is never pacifist; it is never neutral; it is never watery and thin; it is red; it is vital; it is alive.

It is your good fortune, my people, and mine, to be citizens of the United States of

America, a great Republic. A Republican form of Government is the highest form of Government ever devised by man, but it can really govern none but the highest form of people. A Republic has no machinery to strike back at the pacifist and slacker and the spy and the traitor. A Republic is slow; it is patient; it waits. Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, at the Governor's meeting in Washington on April 7th, said: "The greatest criticism heard is against the timorous attitude of our National Government towards treason." Speaking of the slackers and the spies, he said: "We will put the fear of God into the hearts of those who live among us and fatten upon us, and are not Americans."

Now I am sure that we will not go on forever permitting the Hun sympathizers to launch their Red Rhetoric at the United States, and then punish them by giving them a nice place to sleep and plenty to eat in the internment stockades at the expense of our loyal people. When agitators have defied American public opinion too far, American sentiment will kill them like the lightning and wreck them like the tempest.

Our splendid American boys who have gone to the front and who are going to the front,—God has endowed them with the Faith that is vital, the Faith that throbs with life, the Faith that will cast the mountains into the sea. We are proud of them. We believe in them. We glory in them.

But, too, we are proud of the men of Europe who are our associates in this war. We are proud of the Italians fighting on the frozen heights, fighting in the snow. We are proud of the British.

Some persons used to say sneeringly, "The British do not fight; they get everybody else to do their fighting." But, looking at Sir Douglas Haig and his magnificent Britons standing with their backs to the wall, aided by Canadians and Australians and South Africans and New Zealanders;—looking at the Scottish regiments from the hills, whom the Huns call the "Ladies from Hell," on account of their kilts,—we feel that the British are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and worthy of every tribute our lips can speak.

And the French! Mr. Harvey in his "War Weekly" says: "France scarcely speaks. She is too busy fighting!"

"France, that divine marvel, mystery, miracle among the nations,—France, the voluble, the volatile, the mercurial, the capricious,—France gives no sign of her martyred distress."

"Bleeding at every pore, burdened beyond all credence of endurance, she sets her face as a flint and her heart as adamant, and has no word of complaint, no word of repining, no word of reproach,—no word save the grim growl beneath her sobbing breath: "They shall not pass!" These are the men out of the nations that with the help of American boys will remove the mountain.

We, as Americans, do not want to take from the Hun anything that of right belongs to the Hun. We do not want his house, nor his wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his. But we want decency. We want the right to live righteously and justly and soberly before God.

We want to chase out of the world the most

debased being who ever polluted the atmosphere of this planet by inhaling it.

This is not a war. It is a tiger-hunt. We are striking at man-eating tigers. When we have destroyed Prussianism we shall have destroyed the most direful evil in all human time. Wasn't it Napoleon Bonaparte who used to say: "Prussia was hatched from a cannon ball?"

America is in this war. She dared not stand neutral any longer. Maybe she stood neutral too long. Assuredly had not America put her hand to the sword, the very paving-stones in the streets would have cried out against her.

Do you know how great is the crisis at this moment? Are you reading the books that tell you the truth about the war? Mr. Curtin's book, "The Land of Deepening Shadow," a terrible and pitiful book, shows you the real Germany, the Germany of fact and not of fiction, the Hun with his mask stripped off, showing him as he is; "The Crime," one of the most able books of the war, written by a German, against Germany. Only the first volume of "The Crime" has issued from the press. A second volume is to follow.

"Private Peet—Two Years in Hell and Back With a Smile,"—a book that will keep you up after your bedtime hour.

"German Atrocities," by Newell Dwight Hillis, a book that will send your blood hammering through your veins like liquid fire.

Read all of these books if you have the time, read some of them if you lose a few hours of sleep, and you will feel that the Republicanism of America is needed just now in the

World and that our flag with its Stars and Stripes needs to mingle its colors with the other flags of World-freedom to remove the mountain of tyranny and brutality from the earth forever and forever.

“There is something in our Flag
And the little burnished Eagle
That is more than emblematic;
Something glorious and regal,
If that flag goes down to ruin,
Time will then, without a warning,
Turn the dial back to midnight,
And the world must wait till morning.”

Our church is one out of three hundred churches in Los Angeles which has been asked to hold a patriotic service either at the hour of morning or of evening worship. Three hundred ministers in Los Angeles are supposed to be standing up in their pulpits today and making a drive for Liberty Bonds. It has been found necessary to help to awaken the people through appeals from the platform.

There are persons in our city who cannot subscribe for Liberty Bonds,—invalids who are unable to win their daily bread; aged persons who are living on an annuity that is so narrow that they are next door to want; persons whose occupation is taken from them by the stoppage of work in their departments. But there are persons who fail to contribute from sheer indifference; some who fail because of the insane love of money; some who fail because they see in such a contribution a great sacrifice.

Sacrifice? What do you call a sacrifice? What have they given, those fifty-eight beloved boys, whose stars are on our Service

Flag? They have offered their lives as a sacrifice. For us, for the saving of our nation, they will march undaunted into the roaring red flame of war!

Sacrifice? What do you call a sacrifice? What have their dear ones given who have seen these boys march away in their beautiful young manhood—appointed to death in the Great Finger beckon?

Do we who have given only money, who have even given largely of money, do we realize what is meant by sacrifice?

If you were in England today, sir, you would not be asked to buy a Liberty Bond. Thirty per cent of your income would be taken out of your hand in war tax—thirty dollars out of every one hundred dollars of income; with an income of two thousand dollars your tax bill would be six hundred dollars. England would not ask you for it. England would take it and not say "thank you." That may come to pass in the United States. Our Government has the right to compel us to give.

They told me at Liberty Loan headquarters yesterday of a calculation made by Mr. Leslie Henry, one of the speakers. He figured it out that if a man of substance is accustomed to getting seven per cent on his investments, he receives seventy dollars on the investment of one thousand dollars. In buying four and one-quarter per cent Liberty Bonds, he loses \$27.50 on each one thousand dollars he withdraws from a seven per cent investment.

Now, consider the enlisted boy. The average monthly earnings of the boy of war age

is \$65.00. The boy enlists for thirty dollars per month. He gives to the Government thirty-five dollars per month, besides risking his life. That is four hundred and twenty dollars per year given to the Government by the boy. It would be necessary for the man of substance to buy fourteen thousand dollars worth of Liberty Bonds before he has equaled the money gift of every enlisted boy, besides the fact, that, as Mr. Henry phrased it, "He saves his hide by staying at home."

I wish you could understand that we are not giving when we buy Liberty Bonds; we are making a loan to our Government. We still have the money after we buy the Bond, and the Government pays us for the use of it. Here is a tin box with a slot in it. You put one hundred dollars through the slot, and leave it alone for one year. Touch a button at the end of the year and seventeen twenty-five cent pieces drop out into your hand—and you still have your original one hundred dollars while the United States Government has the use of it.

I believe in this war as a Holy War because we are battling for cleanness and decency and the sacred rights of mankind. The Lord of Hosts is with us.

No one can tell us when this war will end. Former President Taft said a week ago: "I am in favor of amending the draft law so that we can raise an army of five millions of men or six millions of men in two years;" and he added: "We won't win until this nation is a house of mourning. We will have to go down into the valley of the shadow of death, but the result will be worth the cost."

I have my own convictions that we are destined to win this war. I feel certain that our own soldier-boys will never cease their onward drive until their triumphal cheers ring and echo over the homes and castles and palaces and cathedrals of Berlin, and, led by the martial music of the nations, they march behind the Stars and Stripes and the other Victory banners through the avenues and streets of the captured city.

THORNS



WILLIAM H. FISHBURN

Thorns



W. H. Fishburn

By
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A Sermon Delivered in West Adams Pres-
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THE SECRET THORN



2 Cor. 12:7. "There was given to me a Thorn in the flesh."

Was Paul's experience unique? Was he the only person to whom God ever gave a thorn in the flesh?

There are five hundred and eighty-four millions of grown-up people in the world today, and out of that five hundred and eighty-four millions there are precisely five hundred and eighty-four millions who imagine that to them has been given a thorn in the flesh.

The delusion of many persons is that their particular thorn is a little sharper, penetrates a little deeper, irritates a little more cruelly than anybody else's thorn.

For a good many centuries students wise and students foolish have been trying to find out what was Paul's "Thorn in the flesh." Whole books have been written to analyze the matter. Good scholarship has been wasted over the discussion.

We do not know what Paul's thorn was. He never disclosed to anyone what it was. It was a Secret thorn. The noble thing about it was that he made it a Secret thorn. He covered it up. He concealed it. And while

he never could forget for a moment the hidden ache of it; nobody ever heard him speak of it again. This one reference in our Scripture lesson is the first reference and the last he ever makes to it.

If you had met Paul you never would have suspected that he carried a thorn in his flesh. You would have met a man with a bright and smiling face, a veritable "Glory-Face;" a man whose hand-grip would have so thrilled you that you would have felt that a new inspiration was entering into your life.

Paul's Letters are always full of joy, full of manliness, full of music, full of the sweet Presence of Jesus Christ, full of good cheer. He never wastes any time telling about his thorn. He has so many good things to tell that no space is left for the telling of the sinister and the unpleasant. Wherever he preaches he preaches good news, and gladness, and hope—but he never preaches about his thorn.

Brave Paul! Noble soul now passed into the heavens! Man of high courage who could take scourging and stoning and imprisonment without one whisper of remonstrance; saintly man who could walk to execution with a song of triumph on his lip—how do I honor him!

He had his thorn—it wounded him, pierced

him, rended him—but he kept still about it. It was his Secret thorn!

You are aware that at first he wanted to be delivered from the thorn. He prayed God to take it away—prayed once, prayed twice, prayed thrice—but the thorn remained. Was his prayer answered? It was. God did not take the thorn away. He did better than that. He left the thorn in Paul's flesh, and gave him grace to bear it.

Without prayer that thorn would have been an irritant; after the prayer it became a stimulant. It was that very thorn that made Paul the majestic man he was. Had there been no thorn in his flesh he could not have ascended to the heights. His thorn humanized him. The thorn directed his eyes to the sublime vision in the third heaven; and then it brought him down and caused him to mingle with suffering men and women in the earth.

All of us have our moments of vision. I suspect that there is not one of us who has not enjoyed his period of ecstasy. We rejoice over the vision. We want the vision to last always—but it does not last. The hours of pain come. We get the vision—but we get the thorn too. We lift up our faces to God and give thanks for the vision; but we bow down our faces and protest against the pain.

If we could have it as we wish it, life would be all vision and no thorn.

Now, let us try to understand what is meant by a "thorn in the flesh." Your little annoyances, those fribbles of life, those petty vexations that, like gnats, disturb you for a moment and then fly away—they are not to be spoken of as thorns in the flesh.

If you have a real, material thorn in your material flesh you are aware of it; and, like the material thorn, this unseen thorn makes itself felt. You know it is there. You may remove the mere material thorn and the wound will heal over, but you cannot remove the unseen thorn. It is something that will remain with you as long as you dwell in the earth. It is an ineradicable something, a something that you must get grace from your Lord to bear, or you cannot bear it at all.

It is a sort of Nemesis. It pursues you throughout the daytime; it sits on your pillow at night; it haunts your dreams! You may keep it secret; you may so hide it that no one but yourself shall be aware of its existence—but in your own heart you shall always feel the dead, dull pain of it. That is what Paul carried. That is what he means when he speaks of a "thorn in the flesh."

Many there be who nurse the trivial hurts

of life and call them thorns in the flesh. Persons who have never had a big thorn are likely to discover a little thorn, a spiritual or mental thistle, and to magnify it. There are multitudes who wish to be looked upon as great sufferers. They manufacture troubles and then adopt them as their own individual troubles. They weigh the food they eat and measure the water they drink. They count their pulse-beats. They hear "death-bells." They mark the number of persons of just their own age who die suddenly. They walk softly through the shadows. They deliberately choose the gloom in preference to the sunlight. Like King Solomon's pessimist in the Book of Ecclesiastes, "they say of laughter, 'It is madness,' and of mirth, 'What good is it?'"

Your physician calls such persons malingerers. They are abnormal. Their diseases are always "peculiar." They inform you that they are victims of a malady that "nobody understands." As a matter of fact everybody "understands" them better than they think. They are melancholy because they are able to extract a sort of joy out of melancholy. As Mr. Froude used to say, "They could discover no pleasure in life if it were not for their miseries."

If you have read Mr. Thomas Bailey Al-

drich's book, "The Stillwater Tragedy," you are acquainted with the Reverend Mr. Langley, the man who felt that it was undignified and irreverent to smile. Mr. Aldrich says of him, "If he had gone into tree-culture instead of into the ministry, he would have planted nothing but weeping willows."

You must have observed that the men and women who utter the most vociferous complaints are not the ones who have the heaviest sorrows. Those whose hearts are breaking with an imponderable grief are usually the Silent ones.

It is the Unwounded hand that is lifted highest in rebellion against God; it is the little sufferer, not the great sufferer, who most loudly rehearses his woes. The hospital surgeon does not select out of the free clinic for first attention the patients who make the most noise. He knows better. He knows that those who are brought in pale and speechless are the ones who need immediate care. The noisy ones can wait until after the wounds of the silent ones are dressed.

Do you know that the most dangerous exercise you can engage in is to fall to pitying yourself?

Persons who pity themselves will cherish the memory of a pin-prick, while those who

are brave will button their coats over a sword-thrust and go resolutely on.

The other day I saw at Sixth and Spring streets in our city a small and heavy-laden newsboy on roller skates. He was coming along swiftly, stumbled on the car-track, and fell with a crash, cutting his face and skinning his knuckles, while his bundle of papers was scattered. In a moment he was on his feet, had collected his newspapers, and the next moment he was gliding merrily down Spring street on his roller skates as if nothing had happened. An aged man leaning on a cane was looking on, and he turned and said to me, "If that had happened to me they would have hauled me away in an ambulance." That boy did not pity himself. He accepted the little hurts without a whimper.

St. Paul never pitied himself. He passed his troubles by as incidents, only incidents. He did not brood over them. Here and there in his Epistles he jests about his sufferings. Once, at least, he makes a happy pun about his failing eyesight. His burdens did not crush him; they made him. When his heart was heaviest he laughed most. That verse in Corinthians which is translated, "I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation," may be rendered this way, "I overabound with

cheerfulness at all our tribulation." When Paul stood in the sunshine he "overabounded with cheerfulness." When they thrust him into a dark, underground dungeon he went right on "overabounding with cheerfulness."

Many a little trouble rolls away if we make light of it. But little troubles grow big and grievous if we brood over them. We ought to talk little about the chagrins and the disappointments of life. Minor hurts may be transformed into major hurts by telling them over and over. They grow, like Falstaff's "seven men in buckram." The tellers of the tale become obsessed by it.

Many persons get to believing that they are "all run down," when the thing that ails them is that they are "all wound up," and will not be silent long enough to let themselves run down.

We can laugh some of the paltry ills of life away—even some of the larger ills. The guide on one of your Sight-Seeing Automobiles has lost the index finger of his right hand. It is noticeable, and a tourist asked him how he lost it. "I did not lose it," he replied, "I have just worn it down to a stump pointing out the lovely scenery." Were we to make light of some of our adversities they would vanish, and we should remember them only as dreams that have passed away.

The magnifying of the little disorders of life grows to be a habit and a pernicious habit, displeasing to God and eminently disturbing to wholesome and sane men and women. Nobody desires the companionship of the perpetual murmurer. The foundation of fault-finding is a morbid desire for sympathy, but its end is the utter extirpation of all sympathy. Neurotics, paranoeics, who imagine themselves to be martyrs when they are not martyrs are amongst the pests of life that we bear with only because we cannot escape. Was it the poet Pindar, or was it another of the Greek poets, who said, "Speak out thy woes once, then hold thy peace?"

But let us not be guilty of supposing that there are no real hurts from which men and women suffer, hurts that cannot be laughed away, hurts that will go on hurting in spite of all our cheerfulness and merriment. My people, there are real burdens, real sorrows. There are real thorns in the flesh, thorns that go so deep that they wound the soul.

You cannot escape from them by denying the existence of them, as some unphilosophical persons do. Those who deny the existence of all pain are perhaps the most poignant sufferers, because they have told themselves what Plato used to call "the lie to the soul."

The soul knows better. The soul knows that there is pain, much pain. You cannot solve the problem of pain by assuming that there is no problem of pain. There is a problem of pain, sirs, and it is the one problem that emerges, in spite of a shoddy psychology, into every human life.

Paul confessed that he had a Secret thorn. He confessed it, and then covered it up, hid it forever from the sight of his fellowmen, but he, himself, was aware of its presence.

Thorns have been borne in Secret by many. Somewhere there is an old German Romance about a Hidden Fetter. I remember it too obscurely to reproduce it fully, but it is somewhat to the effect that an aged gentleman, a man above eighty years old, is found dead on a street in Berlin, his home city. He is a well-known citizen, a man of affairs, rich, prosperous, respected, honored. He has resided in Berlin for fifty years.

But after he is dead they find riveted to his ankle an iron fetter two inches broad and half an inch thick. There are file-marks, showing that many attempts have been made to remove it. The link that used to hold the chain-and-ball has been filed off—but the iron fetter remains, imbedded in the flesh.

The people talk about the strange affair.

They recall what they know of the history of the man for fifty years, eminent, upright, scholarly, clean—but they are certain that somewhere, at some time, that man was a convict. By some legal process that iron fetter was fastened there. Whence came the man to Berlin fifty years ago? Who was he? Of what crime was he adjudged guilty? These questions are never answered. The man had lived an irreproachable life in their midst for half a century, and had given no sign that he carried a brand—and his mystery is buried with him in his grave. His was a Secret thorn. But it was a Thorn!

In Miss Ellen Glasgow's "The Deliverance" you remember Christopher Blake, the aristocrat's son, who finds the family fortune gone, and who works in secrecy for fifteen years as a laborer on the estate which his father once owned; works in secrecy in order to hide from his two sisters and his blind mother any knowledge of the fact that they are reduced to poverty. Blake's after character is not good, but his fifteen years of heroic silence, his patient bearing of the Secret thorn, throws a halo over his sins.

Everybody has read Charles Lamb and enjoyed him. Who has not spent hours of delight over Lamb's "Essays of Elia," his "Dis-

sertation Upon Roast Pig," his monograph "On Poor Relations," his "Chapter on Ears," his disquisition "On the Melancholy of Tailors"? They abound in capital good sense and overflow with a subtle humor that charms the soul.

But Charles Lamb whose productions are so full of wholesomeness had his thorn in the flesh—a drooling father, a sister at times violently insane, for whom he must provide and over whom he must exercise guardianship—but he made his thorn a Secret thorn. He hid its irritation in the silence of his own soul.

My people, the sweetest music that blesses our world came from men and women who had learnt to suffer in silence and to be strong; the literature that marches most majestically came from men and women whose hearts were pierced by a Secret thorn.

Why did Paul have his thorn in the flesh? Himself tells you that it was good for him. He tells you that he learnt to thank God for that very thorn. It brought him back to earth and made him sympathetic with the hurts of other men.

An angel from heaven could not come to our earth and be a missionary to men. Angels could not understand us. Why? Because angels have never suffered, and therefore they

could not feel for our hurts. He who will heal the hurts of others must have been hurt himself. The Apostle says of our Lord Jesus: "We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but one who was tried in all points as we are."

The only one who can feel for man is a man; the only man who can feel for a hurt man is a hurt man. Jesus can heal our hurts because He was hurt Himself.

The Paul of the Vision would have been out of touch with humanity's woes, and God made him the Paul of the Thorn in order to bring him near to those who suffer.

What does that burdened soul, that burdened soul whose life has been one long tragedy of unremittent suffering, know about the joys of the third heaven? He wants to meet the man who has been torn and pierced by thorns—the man who knows what suffering means!

It is the thorn-crown, my people, the thorn-crown and the blood-drops on the dear head of our Master that endear Him to thousands of our race. In the face of the Man of Sorrows they see the trouble-lines and the grief-marks, and it is the Face they yearn for, the Face full of pity and of love for men and wom-

en who are down. God be praised for that tear-stained face and that thorn-wreathed brow that has been the wounded world's one Solace for hundreds of years and will be the wounded world's Healing for all the ages that are yet to come.

"Lest I should be exalted above measure, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh." God made Paul the Man of the Thorn. There have been mystics innumerable, men and women who have been in the third heaven—our shelves are getting full of their books. They have seen and heard unutterable things. They talk about heaven as if it were in their back yard, and as if there were no more troubles in the world. But Paul did not permit his mysticism to make him a mere dreamer. He did not remain in the third heaven. Had he done so his name might have been preserved in some quaint old book as the Prince of the Mystics—and that would be all.

But Paul was more than a mystic. He was a man, a human man, a man who took his place in the ranks and marched footsore and weary along with the Brotherhood of Sorrow—and it was his thorn that made him immortal.

He thanked God for the thorn. So should

we, sirs; and so would we, could we see the end from the beginning. Our sorrows do not break us—they make us. That which we shrink from, that which we try to push away from us with shuddering aversion, oftentimes turns out to be a rich and refined blessing. It is by way of the Cross that we find the Crown. Via Crucis, via Lucis.

Our blessed Lord Jesus shrank from the Purple Cup in the Gethsemane Garden. He besought the Father not to press that cup to His lips; but He said, "Thy will, Thy will be done"—and an angel came and comforted Him. It is the Jesus who drank the bitter cup, who bore that sorrow so sharp that "none of the ransomed ever knew" how terrible it was, who is the world's Saviour on account of that cup, and who is worshipped by men and angels because He drank that cup.

It is not as the Teacher, it is not as the Miracle Worker, it is as the Supreme Sufferer that Jesus reaches and saves lost men and lost women, men and women who otherwise would go stumbling and staggering down into the pit. They may not comprehend a Teaching Christ, but they do comprehend a Suffering Christ. It is the Christ of the Thorns who has won the world's heart.

Your sufferings are the making of you if

your eyes were but open to see it. What you blindly call the harshness, the unpitying cruelty of God, the failure to answer your prayers in the way you want them answered, is His most perfect wisdom. Your sorrows bring out the hidden treasures that in no other way could be brought out.

Travelers to Russia are shown at Sebastopol a perennial spring of crystal water, and beside the spring a marble pillar on the top of which rests a rusted cannon-ball. During the Crimean War that ball came over the fortress walls, tore its way through a rose-garden and opened the spring, unknown before, which has since refreshed the thirst of thousands.

And so from the gashes of what you call sorrow and misfortune there may come joys for others. Your beautiful rose-garden may be spoiled for a moment, but the rose-garden shall be built up again around the bubbling spring.

The thorn in the flesh does not drive us away from God—it brings us near to God. Little sorrows, little worries may enrage us and make us impatient with God's plans; but the great sorrows, the sorrows that rend our hearts, the thorns that pierce to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit—these bring us near to God, and we fall on our knees and cry to Him out of the depths.

Adversity, deep adversity, does not crush the Christian's hope nor drive him away from the Father; but prosperity sometimes does drive him away. It is not the man with the thorn but the man without the thorn whose soul is in peril. In high prosperity we may grow away from Christ and the Church; we may be intoxicated with the deceitfulness of riches and go mad in our lust for pleasure. Did we but understand it we should pray, God, send me the thorn! Pierce me, wound me, smite me—but take not Thy Holy Spirit from me!

One of the mysteries about the thorn that God sends is that it always seeks a vital spot. It touches us where we would wish to be exempt. It thrusts itself into the most sensitive place.

The San Francisco earthquake struck the vital spot, the commercial center of the city, and did its furious will upon the richest and noblest structures. When conflagrations attack cities they seem to choose out with a dreadful prevision the costly and the beautiful things.

And is it not thus that the thorns enter into men and women? Dean Swift, that towering genius, the man who needed a clear mind, was stricken in his mind. Beethoven,

the world's peerless musical master, the man who needed hearing more than he needed anything else, was stricken with deafness.

Milton, the student, the reader, the writer, the man that needed eyes, was smitten blind. The Italian artist that needed his right hand was paralyzed in his right hand. Cowper and Goldsmith and Coleridge, who needed to be cheerful, were sunken into brooding melancholy.

It is the fact that the thorn pierces that faculty that we believe we need the most that makes it seem intolerable. Beethoven might have got along without eyesight, Milton without hearing—but it is the way of the thorn to enter where it may give us the most unrest and to rob us of the very treasure that we would surrender last of all.

You have your thorn, my brother, and you, and you, and you. What is your thorn? Maybe it is the decay of your health. You perceive day by day that you can bear less and less when you need to bear more and more.

Maybe you are held in the clutches of debt, a debt that you can see no way of discharging.

Maybe your thorn is poverty, poverty that you cannot conceal. The thorn of Hard Times is a thorn that hurts.

Maybe you had hoarded up a little provision

for your old age and have seen your savings all swept away, swallowed up by some misadventure.

Maybe the one you loved, the one upon whom you leaned, the one you looked to and upon whom you had set your hopes has been called out of your family circle and taken up on high.

These and many similar sorrows are thorns in the flesh. What shall you do with them? How shall you bear them? Do what Paul did. Cast yourself at God's feet. Pray! Maybe your thorn will not be taken away if you do pray. Maybe it is not best that it shall be taken away.

But this you will receive—you will receive grace to bear your thorn and to go out and look on life with a hopeful face. It has been done. It is done by thousands of thorn-wounded men and women. How many sweet old people we know—pierced to the heart with thorns—but bearing the smart in silence because the Christ of the Thorn is teaching them. Pray, pray for the grace to bear thy thorn.

"Where the rough road turns, and the valley
sweet
Smiles bright with its balm and bloom,
We'll forget the thorns that have pierced the
feet,
And the nights with their grief and gloom;
And the sky will smile, and the stars will
beam,
And we'll lay us down in the light to dream.

"We shall lay us down in the bloom and light,
With a prayer and a tear for rest,
As tired children who creep at night
To the love of a mother's breast,—
And for all the grief of the stormy past
Rest shall be sweeter at last! at last!

"Sweeter because of the weary way
And the lonesome night and long,
While the darkness turns to the perfect day
With its splendor of light and song,—
The light that shall cheer us and bless us
and love us
And sprinkle the roses of heaven above us."

When Iron Meets Steel



William H. Fishburn

“When Iron Meets Steel”



W. H. Fishburn

By

Rev. William H. Fishburn, D. D.

A Sermon delivered in West Adams Presbyterian
Church, Los Angeles, California,
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‘When Iron Meets Steel’



Jeremiah, 15:12. “Shall common iron break the Northern iron and the steel?”

There is at this moment a standing army of four hundred thousand big, strong-armed men working in the Iron Industries of the United States.

Some are digging and blasting the ore out of the hills, some are purifying it, refining it; some are rolling it into plates, and tubes, and bars, and rails; others are converting it into a thousand things, large and small, that are essential to your every-day comfort and mine.

IRON—it is the universal metal; it is found in every country; it floats suspended in the water of every sea.

IRON—it cleaves the soil for the seed of the sower; it sings in the chorus with the song of the reaper; it threshes the ripened grain, it winnows it, it rolls it into flour, it holds the loaf while heat turns it into bread. On a stove of cast iron you cook your meals in vessels of iron.

IRON—it weaves, and knits, and cuts out, and sews together your garments.

IRON—it protects your treasures in strong vaults; it locks and unlocks your door; it secures the floor under your foot, and the ceiling over your head.

IRON—it provides the smooth pathway for your railway trains; it covers your merchantships and your battleships; it sounds in every hammer stroke; it throbs in your mills and machine-shops; it rumbles in your wheels; it roars in your steam-engines; it whirls in your dynamos; it thunders in your printing-presses.

IRON—you eat it in your food, and drink it in your drink, and it beats in every drop of your blood. IRON.

Somebody says there is iron enough in the world to cover our globe, landsurface, water-surface and all from pole to pole with a plate of the metal twenty-two inches thick. It is an unofficial statement, one of those haphazard guesses we frequently hear uttered, but I should not doubt it if it were said that there is enough of it to cover this planet with a shell of iron twenty-two feet thick, or twenty-two miles thick.

Iron as rude nature produces it has no commercial value, and if man were to leave iron

in its "state of nature" it would be worse than a worthless thing, it would be an encumbrance, a hindrance, a nuisance.

When early man, ages ago, found a hill of iron, he went away from it. The land it occupied was sterile, dead, without grass, or tree or flower. The very birds flew over it, and flew past, seeking a more hospitable resting place for their feet.

For many a century, for many an age, these great hills of rusty iron did nothing but cumber the ground. And then there came a time, we know not when; there came a man, we know not who—it is possible that his name was Tubal-Cain—and the secret of the ages was unlocked, Iron was taken out of the hills, put through the fire, molded and beaten into swords and spears, into plow-shares and pruning-hooks, and the long Stone Age came to an end, and the Iron Age began.

Hills of iron that formerly were an obstruction and a vexation were turned into a treasure, a prize.

Last year, in the United States, there were taken out of our iron mines ninety-eight million dollars worth of ore; but after men had smelted it, and refined it, and added brain and muscle and sweat to it, it became worth two billion and eighty-three million dollars.

In other words, every mass of ore that was worth one dollar in the rough, became worth twenty-one dollars after it had passed through the refining and purifying and manufacturing processes.

Nearly everybody who has traveled has visited an iron blast-furnace and a steel plant. Steel is a perfect alloy of iron and carbon; it is a compound of iron that has been roasted in a temperature of 2780 degrees, Fahrenheit, and afterwards melted and boiled in a retort heated to 4000 degrees.

The finest steel is made from wrought iron that has been purified again and again in the hot fire. After the bad alloys have been burnt out of the ore, and the proper alloys have been added, steel, hardened steel, becomes the hardest and the most useful of metals.

Common iron has been almost driven out of the market by the cheapening of steel-making processes, like the Bessemer method.

Our Heavenly Father has taught man to take the comparatively worthless, to pass it through the flame of a cruel furnace, and to turn it into the worthy and the useful.

"Shall the common iron break the Northern iron and the steel?" This text gave trouble to a former generation of Biblical interpreters. If you will look into your commentaries

you will learn that even modern interpreters are troubled about it. Indeed, if you will look into your Revised version you will discover that these latest students substituted the word "brass" for the word "steel," and so turned the passage into a tangle that it ceases to have any meaning at all.

The impression prevails amongst many learned persons that our remote ancestors had no sense; and that they did not know how to do complex things such as turning iron into steel. The ancients had sense, much sense, and they were able to do some astonishing things in their crude and primitive way.

Mr. Wendell Phillips in his lecture on The Lost Arts used to love to quote from Sir Walter Scott's *Talisman* the story of the meeting of Richard Lion Heart with Saladin, to show that the ancients did know how to temper steel.

In the *Talisman*, Saladin requests Richard to show the strength of his sword-arm, and the cleaving power of his sword, and Richard lays down the handle of an iron mace "an inch-and-a-half thick," and with one blow of his broadsword severs it into two pieces.

Saladin looks on, and says: "I cannot do that with my sword." But he takes from the floor of the tent "a cushion of silk and down,

and drawing his keen blade across it, it falls into two pieces."

"That is black art, it is magic," says Richard, "you cannot cut that which has no resistance." But to show him such is not the case, Saladin takes a scarf from his shoulders, which is so light that it almost floats in the air, and, tossing it up, severs it before it can descend."

Mr. George Thompson told Mr. Phillips that he "saw a man in Calcutta throw a handful of floss silk in the air, and a Hindu sever it into pieces with his sabre."

In speaking of the marvelous Damascus Blades of ancient times, the lecturer used to tell that "there was a Damascus Blade at the London Exhibition, the point of which could be made to touch the hilt, and it could be put into a scabbard like a corkscrew, and be bent every way without breaking, like an American politician."

The early peoples were acquainted with methods of manufacturing steel, and the Prophet Jeremiah may, at some time, have held one of these perfect sword blades in his hand.

What he is trying to say in this text, and what stumbling interpreters refuse to let him say, is, that common iron is not as strong as

steel; that the refined metal is stronger and better than the unrefined metal; and he means to say by implication that the man who has passed through the fire and has thereby become Equipped, is more than the equal of the unequipped man.

That, I believe, is what Jeremiah means to say, and I believe it is worth saying. In the preceding verse, if you will read the Authorized and the Revised versions side by side, you will learn that God says to His people: "I will make thee strong; I will make thee fit."

The man of yesterday was not as skillful as the man of today—I would not have you imagine that. Our day is better than any yesterday, and tomorrow will be better than today, because God is back of all growth and progress. But it is only fair to give our ancestors the credit of knowing some things, and of knowing those things well.

Human nature just as it is in the rough, as you find it, for example, in the Hottentot, in the Malayan, in the Moro of the Philippine Islands is poor stuff, coarse stuff, an encumbrance to the land it lives in. It is ore—ore that has never been passed through the fire.

Human nature is poor stuff until after God the Father rescues it, until after our Lord Jesus cleanses it and purifies it by an infinite

try to draw away and escape. God puts trials upon us, temptations before us; he loads our backs with burdens; He does it in order to make us fit; in order to bring out the good metal that is in us, but that is valueless because of the cross.

God forces us into the furnace. It is for our good, and He does not heed our outcries or our protests. If you refuse to step into the furnace there are compelling Hands, unseen Hands that will thrust you in, for in you must go. It is the Divine Father's plan, and you must pass through the necessary purifying and refining series of actions.

Our Lord Jesus passed through the furnace. He was purified and tempered steel; but even His human nature had to be refined in order to resist the onslaught of trouble and temptation. An Apostle says of Him: "He learned obedience by the things which He suffered."

Consider the Refining Plants. Our world is full of them. Our churches, our colleges, our schools, our business life, our workshops—all of them are Refining Plants. They are fitting us for something better than we can surmise.

To be sure it is only a partial refinement we receive in some of these plants. Our churches could do more for us, and better. Our

business life and our workshop life could be vastly improved. Our schools could be of more value.

How many useless things we are taught in our schools. I am an admirer of these refining plants, the Public Schools which offer at least the rudiments of an education to everybody. But I do wish our Public Schools would stop trying to give the child a smattering of everything and a solid grounding in nothing.

Our educational institutions should make every healthy child proficient in some one thing, really proficient. Every child should leave school knowing at least one thing well.

Two years in Shorthand—and Shorthand ought to be taught in every public school—two years in Shorthand would be of incalculably more worth to most scholars in after life than two years in French, which just teaches them enough about that language to make them keep their mouths shut when anybody speaks it in their hearing. When there are so many useful things that ought to be known it is wicked to occupy the young years of life with learning the unuseful things.

I am afraid the children are receiving just now lessons along some lines wherein it would be quite as well to leave them uninstructed. They know some things without teaching.

Some of the instruction given to the child is probably about as much worth while as teaching a squirrel to climb trees, or giving swimming lessons to a sunfish. The children know some things without teaching.

Real, practical, worth while education means the taking of the iron ore and turning it into tempered and useful steel; and the education that fails to do that has sadly missed its mark.

Every book and magazine and public print that comes to you tells you of the world's unrest. The world has always been in unrest. There have always been protests against the hardness of conditions.

If I were asked for an opinion I should say that the conditions of living in this world are not going to become easier as time runs on, but that they are going to become harder. Just as the metallurgists are year after year making better steel, demanding more and more perfection in the quality of steel, so, generation after generation, God is demanding better and better men, and is laying heavier and more exacting tasks upon them. We have not time to refer to this fact at length, but you can see it in every section of human effort if you will take the trouble to look. We are asking day after day for better and better equipment amongst men.

And the noisy outcry against existing conditions comes from the men who are only common iron, and know it, and know that they cannot face the hardened steel of competition and exactness and faithfulness. For some reason they are unequipped to accept the gage of twentieth century battle. "Shall common iron break the Northern iron and steel?" No; it cannot; but the remedy for that is not to turn the whole world back again to iron; the remedy is to put the unequipped and unprepared man into the furnace, and turn him into tempered steel. That is God's way.

The tomorrow of time will not see all men gone backward into iron ore; it will see all men gone forward into hardened and superior steel. You cannot set back the hands on God's clock of progress with your thin fingers.

Competition is a much misunderstood thing. Competition is God's agency for compelling the world to grow. Take all competition out of the world and the wheels would not only slow down; they would stop and not start again forever; and mills and factories would rot down to their foundation stones. Take away the machinist's desire to make a better machine; the carpenter's desire to make a truer joint; the inventor's desire to devise a

better instrument; the jurist's desire to discover a more equitable law; the doctor's desire to find a surer remedy; the capitalist's desire to develop a more rational monetary standard—in short, take away from man the desire to be better, to excel, and the world would go back to prehistoric savagery again. God makes us want to be the best. He makes the common iron envy the steel, and want to be steel. That is God's way to push men upward, to drive men upward into His image.

The promise to make the world over, to make it easy to live in, to make common iron as good as steel, is a noisy and impudent humbug. We are not to run away from God's furnace. We are to enter that furnace with a prayer, to bear the heat of it with the best patience we can summon, and then to come out of it Tempered Steel, fitted for the service of God and for the service of man. And those who vituperate against the hardness of the life that now is, and refuse to meet the conditions of life as they are, will be broken by those conditions and thrown by them into the scrap-heap. The sword of soft iron has always been hewn into pieces by the sword of Northern steel, and it is always going to be.

My brother, do not demand that everybody

else turn back to iron, but do thou become steel. Pray God, if need be, to cast thee into His roaring furnace, only so that thou come forth as steel. Then shalt thou be able to take thy place amongst the strongest men, and to live thy life joyfully, though hardly, in this great Age of Ongoing.

There may come a day, I believe there will come a day, when all men shall be on a common level, but it will be the level of excellence, the level of highest efficiency; it will never be the level of mediocrity, or of inferiority.

We hear much talk about Trusts. There do exist such things as Trusts, and some of these Trusts are malignant and injurious, and a method will be devised to deprive them of their power to hurt.

But there can never be such a thing as a Genius trust, or a Talent trust, or an Excellency trust. These fields are open to all, and they can never be closed by any combination.

An effort is making in some of the States to lower the standards of efficiency in professions like the Law, Medicine, Architecture, and so on. There is a feeling that the few have captured these professions, and have crowded out the many. And the demand is

made that, without examination or qualification, anybody and everybody shall be admitted to these professions.

The lesson may be a costly one, but the world will learn its lesson. The law of efficiency will be applied to the common iron when it meets tempered steel. Persons of intelligence will not, a second time, employ as an architect an agent who cannot tell the difference between a Babylonian Temple and a bee-hive. They will not, a second time, engage as a barrister one who confounds the works of expounders of the law with the works of Romanticists. They will not choose, more than once, as a physician, a man who does not know the chemical difference between Strychnine and strawberries. Efficiency will safeguard the people. Competition will step in, and the unequipped man will go to the wall.

Attempt not, sirs, to degrade steel to the standard of iron; but bring iron up, by much burning and refining, to the standard of steel.

Now, you must not infer that none but the poor are protesting against God's furnace-heat. The rich are protesting too. They, too, are trying to escape. They, too, are running away from the flame.

You are aware that those who play golf have Caddies to carry the burdens while they,

themselves, do nothing but play. In the big, stern game of life, how many of the rich are seeking for Caddies upon whom they may lay the loads of care, while they take the joy without the toil. But, my people, life is not all fun; it is not a game in which you can hire some one to bear the loads and run after the missing balls, while you make the drives and have all the sport. In real life you, yourself, must step, alive, into the furnace, and bear the incandescent heat.

It is not to the mouthing idler, be he rich or poor, that Jesus comes with a gift. Jesus did not say, "Come unto me all ye who are embittered against conditions, and I will give you rest." He did not say, "Come unto me all ye that are leading luxurious and indolent lives, all ye that are endeavoring to get pleasure out of the world without giving anything for it, and I will give you rest."

But He did say, "Come unto me all ye toilers, come unto me all ye burden-bearers, come unto me all ye anguished ones, and I will give you rest."

Let us keep it in our minds that the good forces in our Father's world are the strong forces. The forces of evil are iron, but the forces of good are Northern steel. In the long run the good will vanquish the evil. The

Church of Jesus is sometimes laughed at. Modernism, anarchism, individualism tell us the Church is about to disappear. They forget that iron cannot conquer steel. You are told sometimes that religion is losing its grip, that unbelief is spreading, that atheism in all its sombreness is coming. "Shall the common iron break the Norehtrn iron and the steel?" Shall darkness drive back the light when the great sun comes above the horizon? Sirs, religion will not die today, nor tomorrow, nor on the third day.

There is a current of thought and feeling just now that sets, we cannot predict to what unknown shore, and that bears with it the destinies of the human race; but God is guiding it, and the world will go whither He guides it.

Ironmasters say that iron is Converted into steel. The retort where the heat seethes and burns and hisses and glows with a flame whose light would blind you is called a Converter. You may smile at the old-fashioned doctrine of Conversion as related to the human soul, but Conversion, real and genuine, is the only short cut to efficiency for the man who is iron and wants to become steel.

Simon Peter was soft iron on the night of the Betrayal; he went down in disgrace be-

fore those who pointed the finger at him; but after he was Converted, after the Holy Spirit entered into him, he was tempered steel.

And have not all of us seen poor wrecks of men, men whose temptations made them slaves, coming to Jesus Christ and receiving His purifying touch, and standing ever afterwards as men made unconquerable and strong?

I have seen broken, trembling, cowardly men, in the City Rescue Missions, going down on their poor knees before the Lord Jesus as soft iron, as iron that a child's hand might have twisted out of shape, and receiving the Divine Touch in Conversion, and rising up as tempered steel, to stand forever after in their places amongst men. I believe in Conversion, because I have witnessed its works.

In the early blast-furnaces there was a hollow place in the bottom, into which the molten metal ran when it had attained the highest heat, and that place of the last stroke of the heat was called the crucible. You can trace the word Crucible back to the Latin word for the Cross; and back still farther, maybe, to the word cruciatus, crucio—torture, extreme pain.

And so, human souls must descend some-

times into the deepest anguish, before they can come forth purified and refined.

My people, those mysterious trials and burdens and sorrows that afflict you until your soul within you aches with the fatigue of long-drawn pain,—they are God's processes to fit you for a bigger life in a bigger world than this.

West Adams Presbyterian Church

West Adams Street

One-half block west of Vermont Avenue

Phone West 5448

Los Angeles, California



PASTOR

REV. WILLIAM H. FISHBURN, D.D. Phone 21598

Residence, 2101 Bonsallo Ave.

Assistant Pastor

REV. RICHARD E. STANTON

Residence, 1048 West Thirty-first St. Phone 23554



SUNDAY SERVICES

9:30 A.M. Sunday School
11:00 A.M. Public Worship
11:00 A.M. Junior Congregation
6:30 P.M. Intermediate Christian Endeavor
6:30 P.M. Senior Christian Endeavor
7:45 P.M. Public Worship

WEDNESDAY

8:00 P.M. Mid-Week Meeting

Financial Clerk

F. L. LOWE, 2664 South Vermont Avenue. Phone West 258

Y. P. S. C. E. — Presidents

Senior — JOHN SHAW

Intermediates — PAUL MATTOON

Junior — MISS ELSIE HUNTER

Caretakers

MR. & MRS. C. L. JANTZ, 2116 Aubrey St. Phone West 1067

ORDER OF SERVICE

SUNDAY, MARCH 20, 1921

MORNING

Prelude—Marche Solennelle Maily
Doxology
Invocation
Gloria; congregation standing
Responsive Selection No. 23
Hymn 34
Scripture Lesson
Chorus—The Morn of Gladness Pike
Prayer, closing with the Lord's Prayer
Announcements
Consecration of Offerings
Offering
Solo—The Palms Faure
Mr. Starck
Hymn 231
Sermon, "The Man Who Worked the Farm"
Hymn 348
Benediction
Postlude—March Gaul

EVENING

Prelude—Marche Solennelle Gounod
Prayer
Hymn 8
Scripture Lesson
Quartet—Softly the Silent Sealy
Prayer, closing with the Lord's Prayer
Announcements
Consecration of Offerings
Offering
Quartet—Art Thou Weary Schnecker
Hymn 164
Sermon, "A Gadarene Madman"
Hymn 45
Benediction
Postlude—Verset Batiste

The phone for the church notices has been changed from West 6391 West 5469.

A District Announcement

On Saturday, March 26, from 3:00 to 6:00 p.m., at the Log Cabin Inn, near Adams and Normandie, there will be a tea, entertainment and sale, for benefit of starving children of Europe. 75c includes tea and entertainment. Come and bring your children and a friend.

The Every Member Canvass

Our Every Member Canvass for Church support and benevolences will be made Sunday, April 3. Dr. Stanton has charge of this important work. Many helpers have been appointed. Do not shirk, but take up your part and let us surpass every former year in our history.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Sunday School, 9:30 a.m.

Parents and friends of our Sunday school are cordially invited attend the special Easter service at 9:30 o'clock Easter morning.

Intermediate C. E. party next Friday. Everybody of high school age to meet at church at 7:15 p.m., March 25, and go to party in a group.

The Senior Y. P. S. C. E. invites all young people to their evening meeting at 6:30 o'clock.

Evening Worship

Dr. Fishburn's subject this evening at 7:45 will be "A Gadarene Madman." A special invitation is extended to YOU to be present. You know the hymns. They are the old hymns your mother sang. Splendid Quartette and Chorus Choir.

Missionary meeting will be held Tuesday, March 22. Please come in time for the opening devotional at 10:30 and bring some favorite article of food for lunch.

New Era Committee

Will every member of the New Era Committee meet Dr. Stanton Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock in the chapel; one hour before evening service. This is important.

Easter and Passion Week Services

Beginning tomorrow evening there will be Passion Week Services in this Church every evening during the week at 8 o'clock except Saturday. The Organist and Mr. Horne will be with us on Wednesday evening. The Organist and entire Quartette will be here on Good Friday evening. On all the evenings we expect our Volunteer Choir to help lead the singing.

The subjects on the different evenings will be:

Monday, 8 p.m., "The Great Feast."

Tuesday, 8 p.m., "The Food that Nourishes."

Wednesday, 8 p.m., "The Glory in His Face."

Thursday, 8 p.m., "The Three Crosses."

Friday, 8 p.m., "His Last Words."

Friday evening will be Preparatory to the Lord's Supper which will be held on Easter Sunday morning.

The Session will meet after every service to confer with any who may wish to join the Church.

Let every Officer of the Church, every member of the Church, and those who love the Lord endeavor to attend every one of these services or as many of them as possible. It means much to our spiritual growth.

Free Dinner

The Ladies of the Church will give a Free Dinner to all Members and Contributors to the Support of our Church on Wednesday evening, March 30th. It is expected that all who take dinner will remain to the Annual Congregational Meeting which begins at 8 o'clock the same evening. The first table will be ready at 6 o'clock.

Annual Reports

Annual Reports of all Societies and Organizations must be presented at the Annual Meeting, March 30th. Please prepare these so that they

CHURCH DIRECTORY

Elders Emeritus

H. F. NORCROSS

The Session

Meets on the third Monday of each month, at 8:00 P.M.

DR. HENRY VAN BERGEN, Clerk; phone West 6391

WILLIAM MILES, JR., Treas.	GEORGE F. GUY	C. W. HARDY
THOMAS M. TULLOCH	HAROLD J. WALKER	M. R. WILLIAMS
WILLIAM A. DEAN	DR. CHARLES WELLINGTON ALLEN	
J. C. MCCLEARY	ANDREW ROSS	THOMAS H. DUNK

The Deacons

A. L. LAKIN, President; phone 74762

CHARLES M. DANE	A. O. WYATT	CLARENCE WALTZ
ARTHUR MALE	WILLIAM D. FORRESTER	JAS. DUDLEY MCLEOD
CLARENCE HOPKINS	GUS BEACH	
H. J. WALDO	NEAL A. TROWBRIDGE	

The Trustees

HARRY A. GALBRAITH, Chairman; phone 25190

WILLIAM DUFFIELD	FRANK E. MATTOON	H. J. REESE
HORACE H. MANN	O. LONG	
F. L. LOWE, Sec'y and Financial Clerk	E. L. HOPKINS	

Men's Round Table Club

WILLIAM DUFFIELD, Pres.	JOHN SHAW, Vice-Pres
C. W. HARDY, Secretary-Treasurer	

Sunday-School

Graded Lessons Meets at 9:30 A.M.

GEORGE F. GUY, Superintendent; phone 74787	
J. SPRENGER, Supt. Young People's Division	
MISS GRACE WALKER, Supt. Junior Dept.	
MRS. LEWIS J. ADAMS, Supt. Primary Dept.	
MRS. ELLEN VANCE, Supt. Home Dept.	
MISS LOUISA SPRENGER, Supt. Beginners' Dept.	

Missionary Society

Meets the fourth Tuesday in each month, at 10:30 A.M.

ELLA NOBLE, President; phone 22549	
MRS. D. W. DOOLITTLE, Secretary; phone 22788	
MRS. ANDREW ROSS, Treasurer; phone 73042	

Pastor's Aid Society

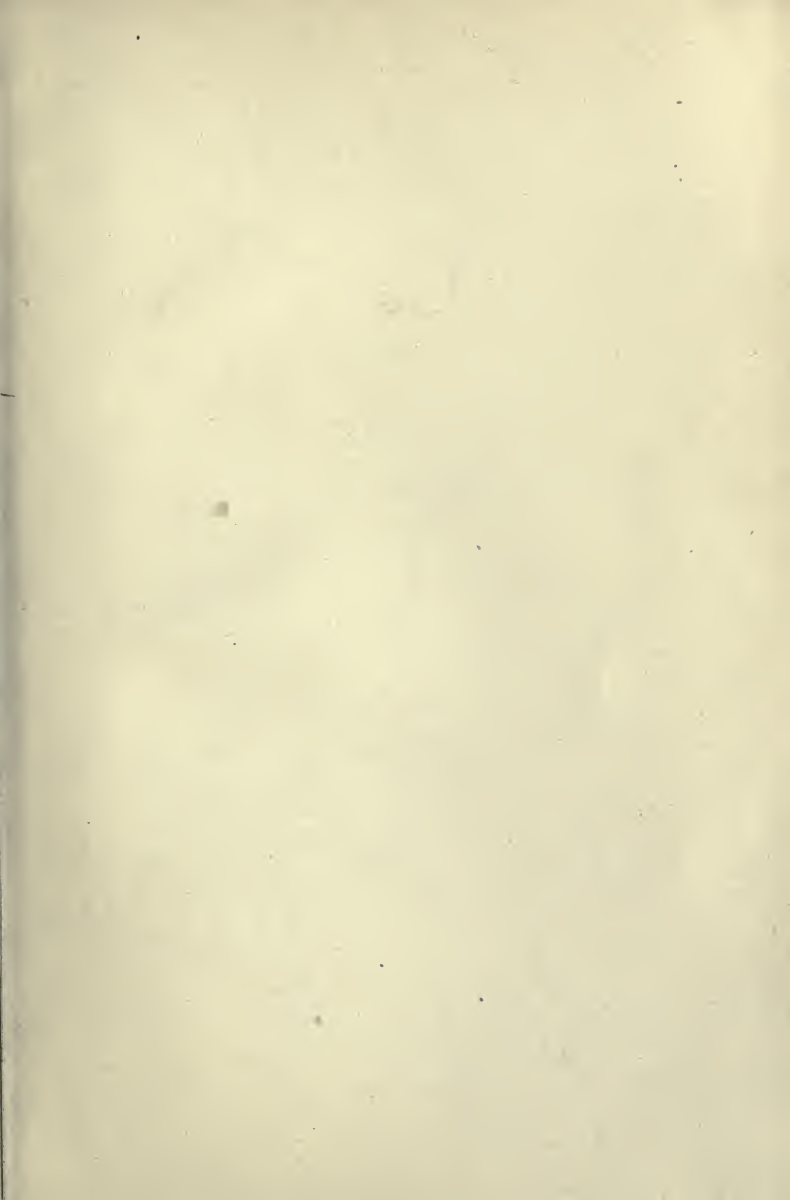
Meets the second Tuesday in each month, at 10:30 A.M.

H. C. PARRETT, President, 2217 Juliet Street; phone West 6765	
MRS. E. D. MAUSER, Secretary; phone West 1083	
MRS. C. W. HARDY, Treasurer	

The Ayude Chapter, Westminster Guild

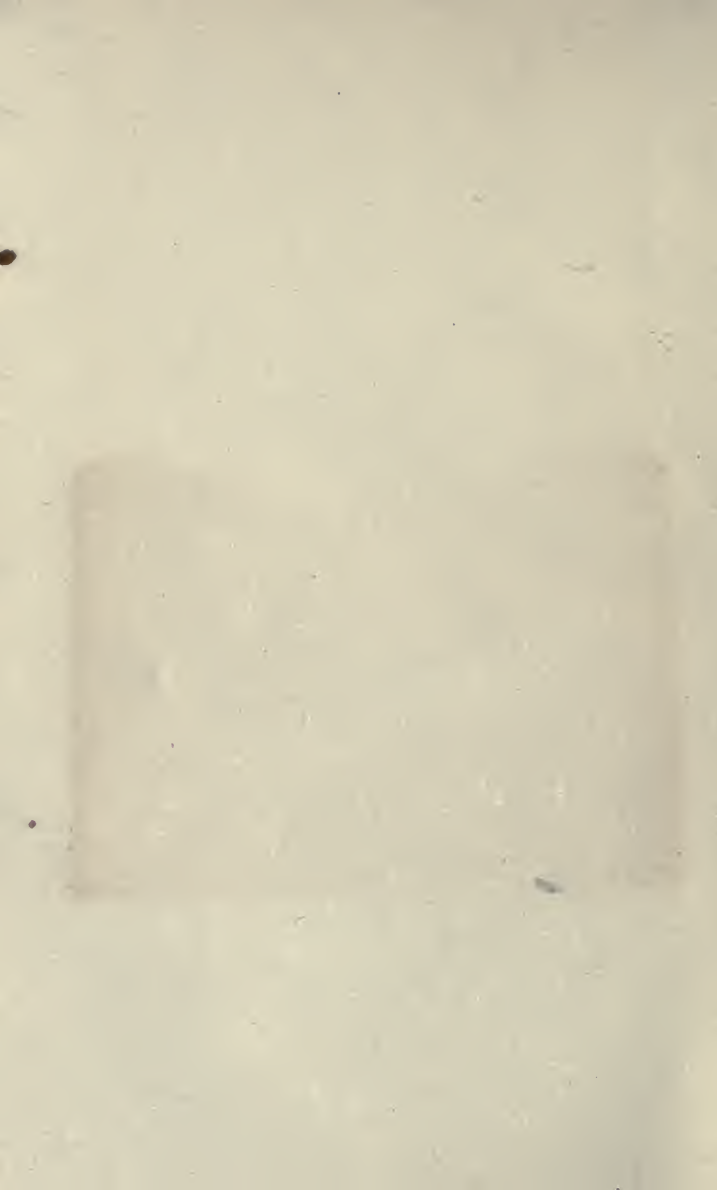
Meets the second Thursday in each month, at 6:30 P.M.

MISS EDYTH ALLEN, President; phone 20235









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